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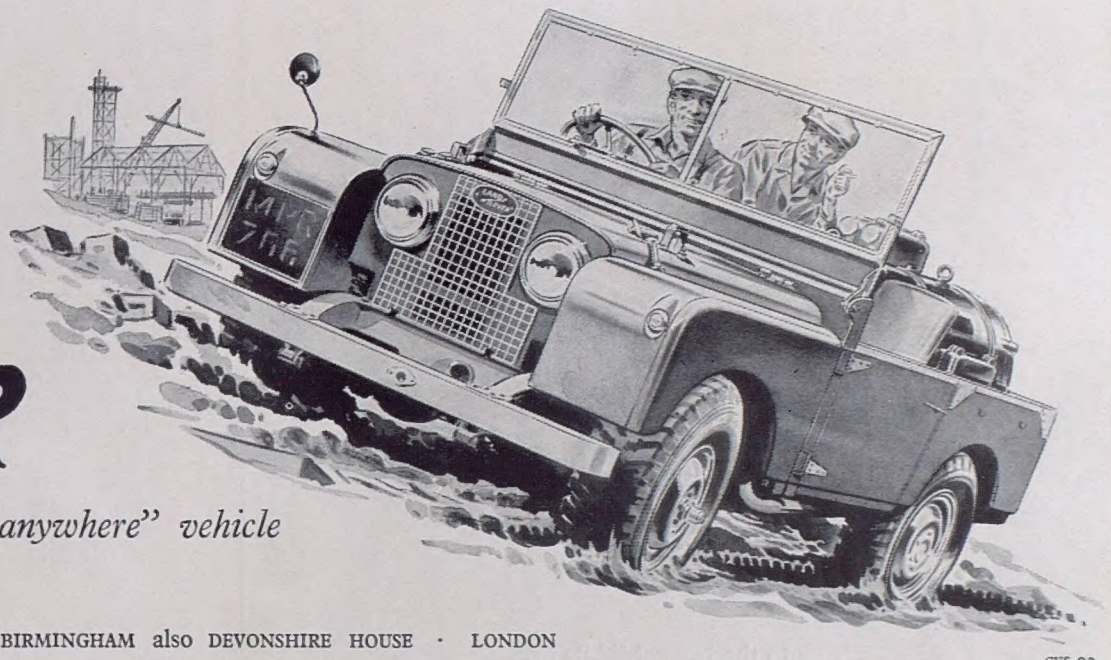

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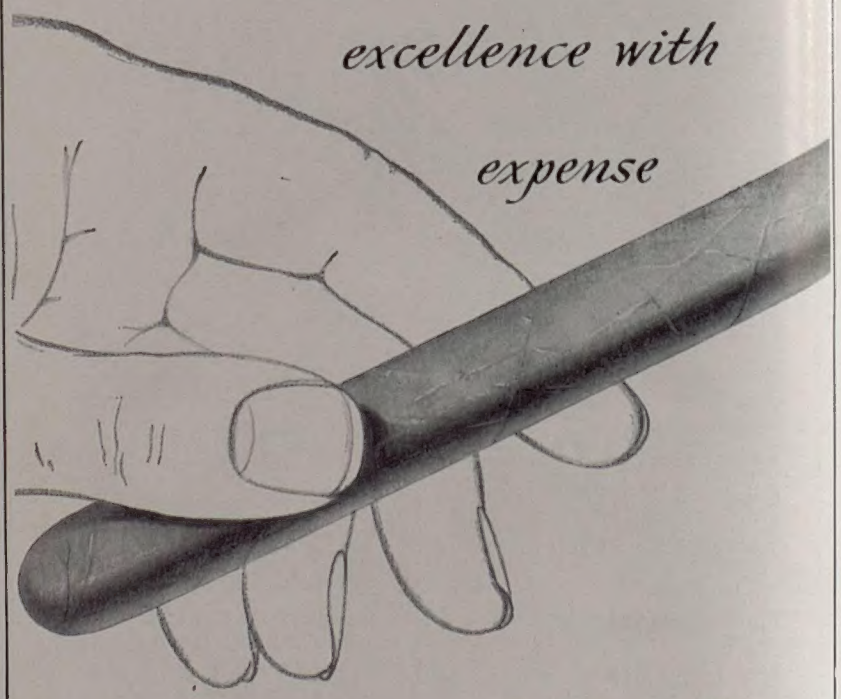

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Volume CCXVIII No. 2846 The SPHERE, London, August 28, 1954

The SPHERE

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CRISIS FOR WESTERN EUROPE—M. MENDÈS-FRANCE FLIES TO MEET SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AFTER THE BREAKDOWN OF THE BRUSSELS TALKS ON E.D.C.: The French Prime Minister with Sir Winston at Biggin Hill R.A.F. Station in Kent, before leaving for Chartwell, Sir Winston's country home near by. M. Mendès-France had flown to confer with the Prime Minister and Mr. Eden on the defence problems of Western Europe which have arisen after the deadlock at Brussels.

M. Mendès-France, the flying French Premier with a reputation for getting things done, lost no time after the Brussels Conference on the European Defence Community in coming over to Kent to see Sir Winston Churchill at his country house at Chartwell. Although it was stated that this visit had been planned before the conference opened, there can be little doubt that the two Prime Ministers, together with the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, who interrupted a holiday in Austria, discussed what role France can now play in the defence of Western Europe. When the other five European powers rejected M. Mendès-France's compromise proposals for E.D.C. the greatest crisis in the plans for Western Europe's defence arose. It appeared that the nations were faced with a straight alternative between French and German participation in the European Defence Community. The absence of either country in E.D.C. is really unthinkable. That is why so much was hoped for from the meeting between Sir Winston Churchill and the French Prime Minister. (Pictures of the Brussels Conference appear on page 303.)

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NEWS COMMENTARY

A Pictorial Review of Events on Land, Sea and Air in All Corners of the World

Below—

A RUSSIAN SCHOONER IN PLYMOUTH

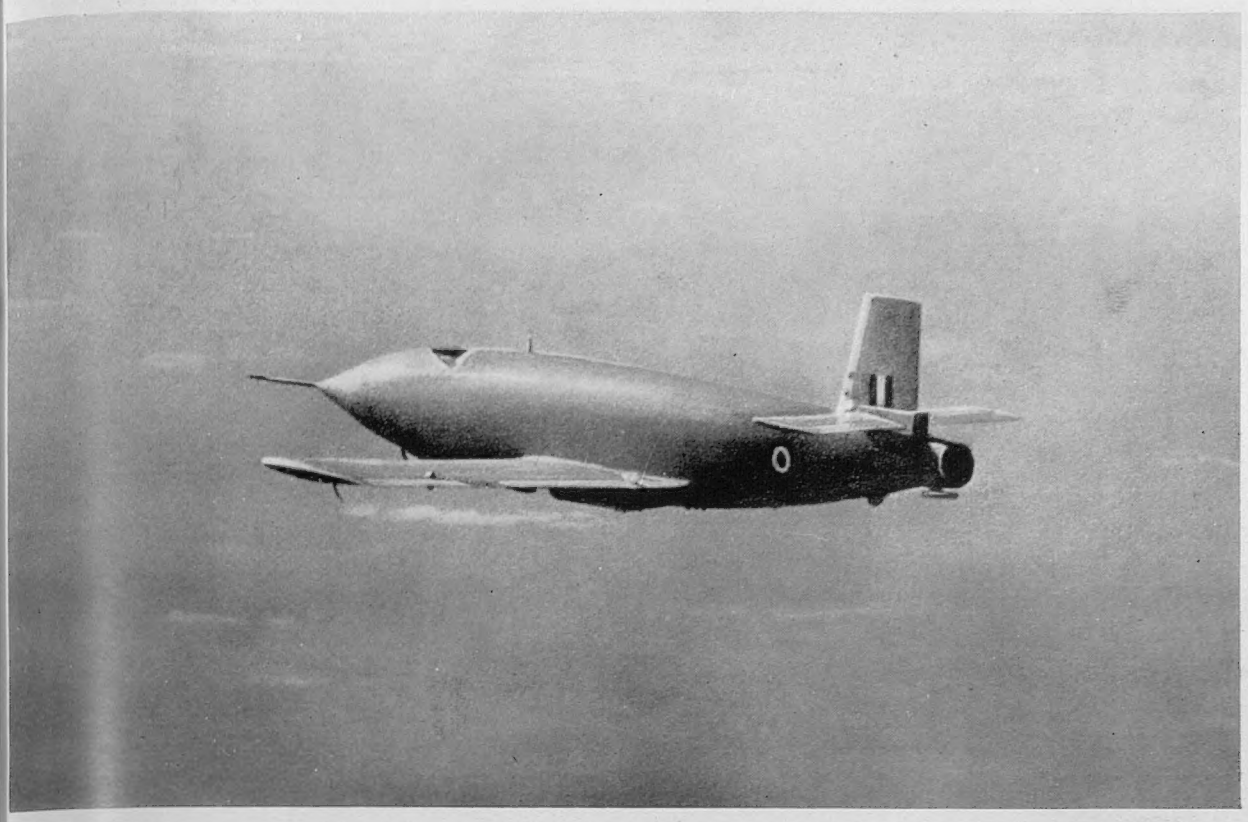
A SOVIET TRAINING-SHIP TURNS UP AFTER DISAPPEARING FOR FOUR DAYS : Activity on the 300-ton schooner *Alfa* soon after berthing at Plymouth. With forty naval cadets on board, she had been reported missing in the Baltic when wireless contact with her was lost as she passed through the Kattegat. The Soviet authorities requested all shipping in the Baltic and in the English Channel to search for her. After a silence of four days, the *Alfa* was sighted off the Devon coast. At first she was under full canvas, but later her sails were furled and she proceeded under her auxiliary engines into Millbay Docks, Plymouth. There the *Alfa* took on coal, water and other supplies before resuming her voyage from Leningrad to the Black Sea port of Odessa. The captain of the vessel, Captain Sergei Klunnikov, said that his ship had encountered very bad weather and was blown off the shipping lanes. Although he always knew where he was, and had always intended to put in at Plymouth, he was unable to contact other vessels unless they came within forty miles of the *Alfa*, the range of her auxiliary radio. The officers and crew proved extremely amiable, and those who were invited aboard the schooner were most courteously received and plied with Russian cigarettes.

LEAVING THE CANAL ZONE

THE FIRST BRITISH TROOPS TO EVACUATE SUEZ GO ABOARD : Some of the 400 Royal Marine Commandos who left Port Said go aboard the cruiser *Gambia*. A little earlier another 450 Commandos embarked on the cruiser *Glasgow*. Both detachments, which had been sent to the Canal Zone at the height of the dispute between Britain and Egypt, were bound for Malta. At the same time, about 1,450 men of the 1st Battalion, The South Lancashire Regiment, and of other units, embarked for Britain on board the troopships *Asturias* and *Empire Ken*. Thus in one day some 2,300 troops were evacuated from the Suez Canal Zone in the first stage of the complete evacuation of the area, in accordance with the heads of agreement which were signed in Cairo last month. Under the terms of that agreement, the evacuation of Suez will be completed within twenty months of its final signature. Last month there were over 84,000 soldiers, marines and airmen in the Canal Zone. These included 48,800 United Kingdom troops, and 16,300 Royal Air Force personnel. When the time comes to leave the Canal Zone and re-distribute these forces, it is expected that something like two-thirds of them will return to Britain. The bulk of the remainder will move to Cyprus and Malta. The great advantage to the Army of the eventual withdrawal from the Suez Canal Zone is that the return to Britain of over 30,000 well-trained and equipped troops will enable the War Office to reconstitute that central strategic reserve which is so essential but which the British Army's large number of overseas commitments have not permitted in recent years.

THE "SAXONIA" IN SPEED TRIALS OFF ARRAN

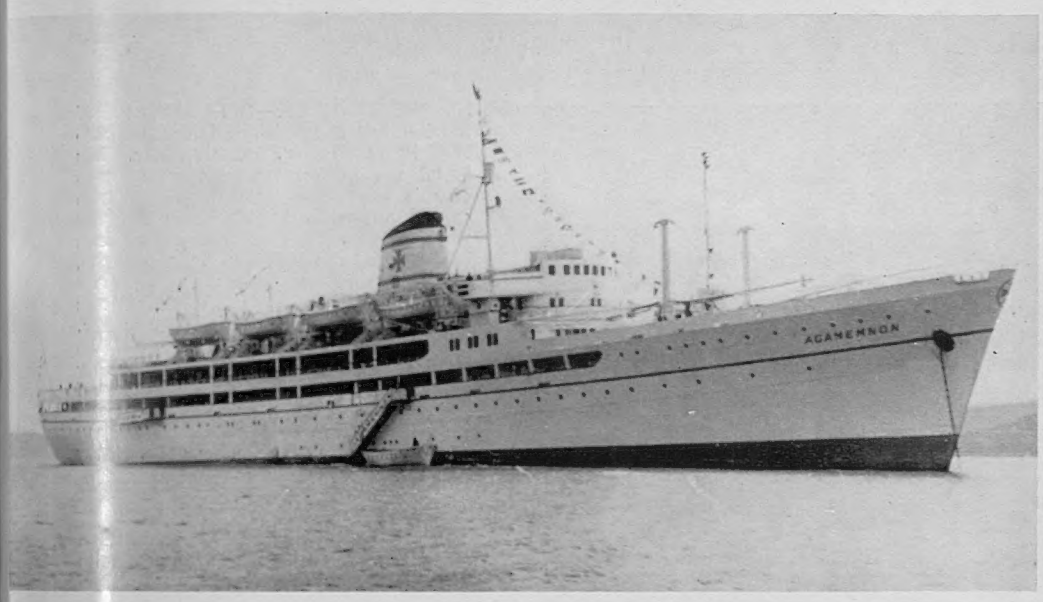
THE NEW CUNARD LINER SHOWS OFF HER GRACE AND POWER BEFORE LEAVING ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE : An aerial picture of the 22,000-ton *Saxonia* as she underwent speed trials over the measured mile off the Isle of Arran, in Scotland. Then the liner, which is commanded by Captain Andrew MacKellar, underwent engineers' trials on the following day, before going on to Liverpool. From there this latest addition to the Cunard fleet will go on her maiden voyage to Quebec and Montreal next week. A feature of the new vessel is her original interior decoration, the motif of which is Canada. In public rooms on all decks there are scenes depicting life in Canada, such as scenes in the Yukon; traditional emblems like the maple leaf; designs recalling the Indian association with the Dominion; and pictures depicting Canada's history. Another remarkable feature in the *Saxonia* is her large luxury cinema which extends over three of her nine decks. (Further pictures of the *Saxonia*, when she was on the Clyde, appear on page 319.)



On left—

PILOTLESS PLANE OVER WOOMERA

A JINDVIK AIRCRAFT IN FULL FLIGHT OVER THE EXPERIMEMTAL STATION IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA: This pilotless target aircraft is seen flying over the Woomera Range from a "shepherd" aircraft which is actually controlling its flight. It was announced by the Australian Minister of Defence Production, Sir Eric Harrison, that the Australian Government had ordered quantity production of the Jindvik aircraft. At the Ministry's Government Aircraft Factory intricate control units are built into the aircraft which react instantaneously to radio directions transmitted from the master station. This station could be either on the ground, as at the Woomera Rocket Range, or installed in a shepherd aircraft which takes over control while the Jindvik is in flight. The aircraft was designed, developed and built by Australian engineers and craftsmen, and it is now in quantity production after passing through all the experimental manufacturing stages. Radio devices for the control of the aircraft enable it to be launched, manœuvred in flight and landed again without incident. Originally it was intended only as a harmless guided target to be shot at by rockets and other missiles. But at Woomera, it is also providing invaluable experience of remote control mechanisms at almost supersonic speeds, which will help in the development of guided weapons with atomic or other explosive war-heads. At next week's Farnborough Air Display the autopilot of the Jindvik will be displayed. This "George" can control a high-speed aircraft, provide full manœuvrability, co-ordinate turns over a wide range of speeds and altitudes and can even prepare landings.



A HOLIDAY CRUISE FOR EUROPEAN ROYALTY

THE LINER "AGAMEMNON," IN WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE ARE PLAYING HOSTS ON A CRUISE IN THE AEGEAN: *On left*—A view of the 5,514-ton luxury yacht, which was formerly a warship, and which has been lent by its owner for the Royal cruise. *On right*—One of the well-furnished smoking-rooms on "C" deck aboard the *Agamemnon*. About ninety members of European Royal houses accepted invitations from King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece to enjoy a holiday luxury cruise aboard the liner. Among those on board are Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands with two of their daughters; the Count and Countess of Paris and their seven children; ex-King Umberto of Italy and his family; the former King Michael of Rumania with his wife; and members of the Royal houses of Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Luxembourg, Yugoslavia and Hanover. "Strict informality" was to be observed during the fortnight's cruise.

The Old Stager is on holiday: his Newsletter will be resumed next week.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

FARNBOROUGH AIR DISPLAY

B. J. HURREN comments on this year's S.B.A.C. Show

On left—

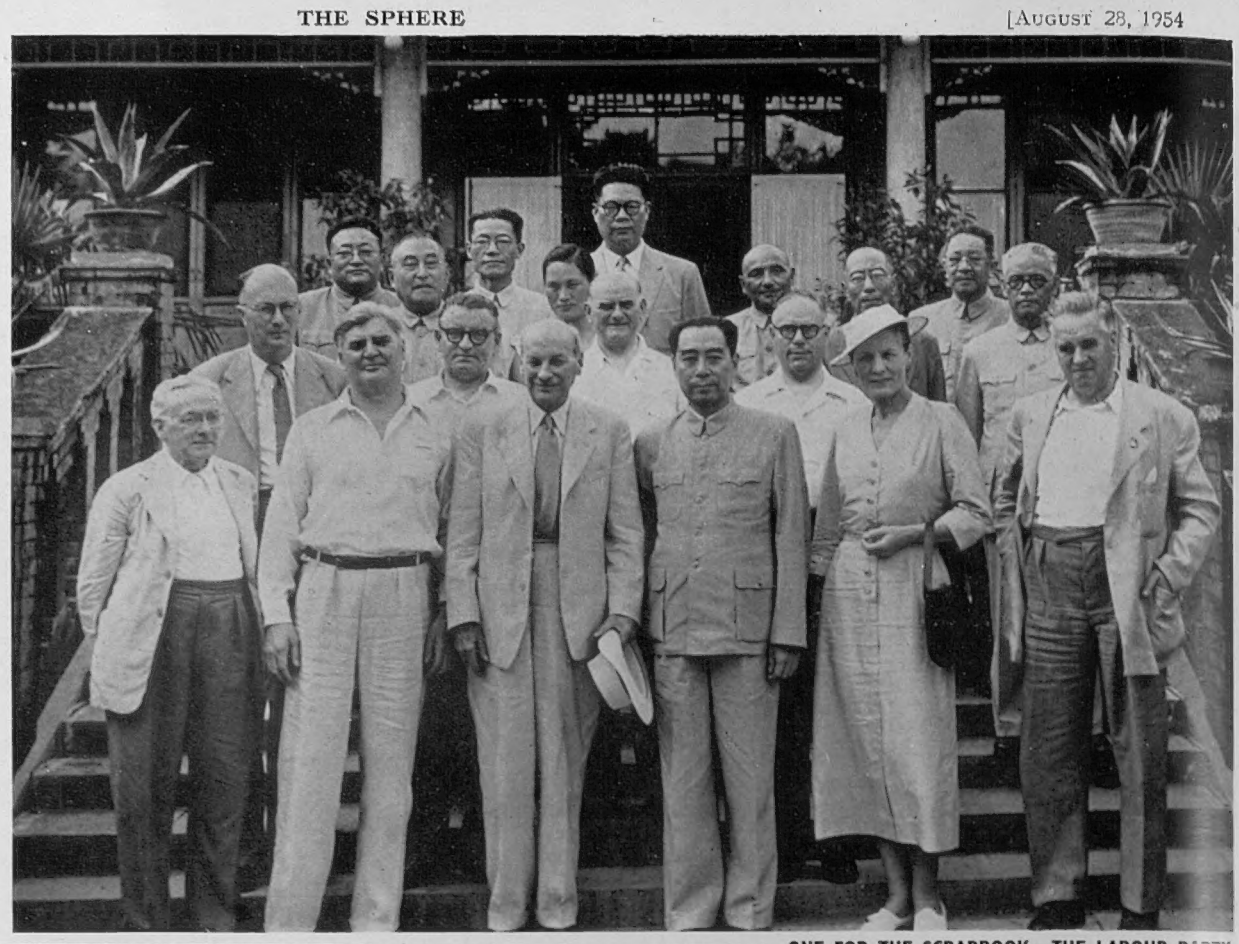
THE CLIMAX OF SIENA'S PALIO

THE HORSES GALLOP TO THE WINNING-POST IN THE ANCIENT ITALIAN CITY: The grey from the "Giraffe" Parish, whose rider is seen lying on the ground some way behind, rounding a final curve before finishing as winner of the Palio in Siena, about 30 miles south of Florence. Behind the winner is the entrant from the Shell Parish, and lying in third position, also without a rider, is the Snail Parish horse. Twice every summer each of the seventeen Parishes of Siena enters a horse for the prize, Il Palio, which is an old tapestry depicting the likeness of the Madonna. Dressed in medieval garb, each parish team, complete with captain, flag-bearer, swordsman and jockey, parades through the streets of the town before the race. The course is three times round the main square, and it does not appear to be necessary for the winning horse to be mounted at the finish. Once all the big Italian towns held their Palio, but to-day Siena alone continues a tradition that is said to date back from 1260. This is a tribute not only to the conservative attitude of the town's citizens, but also to their business acumen, for thousands of visitors come to see the great medieval horse race, and this year more than 50,000 people crowded into the town's main square.

LABOUR'S LEADERS IN PEKIN

Mr. Attlee and the British Labour Party Delegation Receive a Warm Reception in the Chinese Capital

One effect at least the Labour Party delegation's visit to Pekin has had : it has suddenly opened the Chinese capital, and even parts of the interior of Communist China, to the West. Thus the visit of Mr. Attlee and his colleagues has resulted in perhaps the most dramatic opening of the Iron Curtain since the war. On the very day of the delegation's arrival in Pekin a significant change in Anglo-Chinese relations was to be seen, as the Chargé d'Affaires in Pekin, for months cold-shouldered and humiliated by the Government, was invited to participate in the amicable round of parties and public dinners in honour of the guests. There was much talk of expansion of trade, and even more of peaceful coexistence. It was not, however, all speeches and dinners for the Labour Party delegation. The members were taken to see new steel and coal plants in Manchuria, many hundreds of miles from the capital. And at the Kailan coal-mines some of the delegates were even able to visit the homes of miners. The visit of the Labour Party delegation has aroused furious comment in the United States, and its propaganda value to the Chinese Communists is obvious. But at least Mr. Attlee's visit has succeeded in bringing nearer to normal the relations between two countries which, after all, are still diplomatically on speaking terms.



ONE FOR THE SCRAPBOOK—THE LABOUR PARTY DELEGATION POSES WITH CHINESE MINISTERS IN PEKIN : Mr. Attlee and Mr. Chou En-lai are in the centre of this group outside the Peace Hotel in the Chinese capital, where the Labour Party delegates were staying. The other delegates seen above are (from left) Mr. Wilfrid Burke, chairman of the Labour Party ; Lord Lindsay of Birker, one of the delegation's interpreters ; Mr. Aneurin Bevan ; Mr. Morgan Phillips, General Secretary of the Labour Party ; Lady Lindsay, the other interpreter ; Mr. Sam Watson, leader of the Durham miners ; Mr. Harry Earnshaw (United Textile Workers' Association) ; Dr. Edith Summerskill ; and Mr. Harry Franklin (National Union of Railwaymen).

On left—
A CIGARETTE WITH MR. CHOU EN-LAI : Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevan and Mr. Morgan Phillips with the Chinese Premier and Foreign Minister.

Below—
MEETING THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE : The Labour Party delegation running a gauntlet of handshakes at Pekin Aerodrome.

DR. SUMMERSKILL IS FÊTED : Mr. Chou En-lai and Dr. Edith Summerskill, with an interpreter, at a reception in honour of the Labour Party's delegates in Pekin. Dr. Summerskill was, apart from Lady Lindsay, the interpreter, the only woman in the Labour Party's entourage.

DIM LIGHTS FOR AN UNHAPPY MEETING : A corner of the banqueting-room of the Belgian Foreign Office, in Brussels, lit only by one massive chandelier and a few candelabra. At the main tables, from left, can be seen Herr Theodor Blank, West German Defence Commissioner, Chancellor Dr. Konrad Adenauer, Herr Walter Hallstein, West German Secretary of State, M. A. de Staercke, chief Belgian delegate, M. Spaak, Chairman, and M. G. de Walravens, general secretary.

FAILURE AT BRUSSELS

The Foreign Ministers of Six Powers Fail to Agree on a Compromise Plan for the European Defence Community

The failure of the representatives of the six European powers assembled at Brussels to agree on M. Mendès-France's compromise proposals for the European Defence Community is a bitter set-back to the defence of the West. The fact that this blow was not unexpected can hardly be said to mitigate its intensity. For M. Mendès-France, as the French Prime Minister who gets things done, there was nothing else for it but to tackle the problem of E.D.C. as best and as swiftly as he could. Even the proposals which he put forward were not by any means sure of acceptance by his National Assembly, but they were even more certain to be rejected by the representatives of Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Italy and Germany. The French proposals had three main aims. First, that the defence community should have no real authority over the Governments participating in it for at least eight years. Secondly, that any Government should be able to withdraw from E.D.C. either if the United States or Britain withdraw troops from Europe, or if East and West Germany are re-united. Thirdly, that further restrictions should be imposed on the German forces participating. These proposals were unacceptable to nations who had already compromised considerably on all these points, and who had had considerable difficulty in getting the original proposals passed by their national assemblies. Much is now hoped for from Sir Winston Churchill, to whom M. Mendès-France came immediately after the breakdown at Brussels. He may yet produce a startling solution.

NOTHING TO SMILE ABOUT : *On left*—The Belgian Foreign Minister and Chairman of the Conference, M. Paul Henri Spaak, with M. de Staercke and M. Walravens, looks grim as photographers secure pictures on the opening day. *On right*—The French Prime Minister, M. Pierre Mendès-France, seemed anxious and slightly unhappy before the talks began. His proposals to modify the terms of the European Defence Community treaties so that they could be ratified by the French Assembly met with no response from the other five nations.

LUXEMBOURG'S DELEGATION : M. Joseph Bech, the Luxembourg Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, sitting between members of his delegation.

THE DUTCH REPRESENTATIVES : From left are Mr. Eschauzier, Director-General for Politics at the Netherlands Foreign Office ; Mr. Johan Beyen, the Dutch Foreign Minister ; and Mr. van Starkenborgh, Permanent Netherlands representative to N.A.T.O.

A DINNER PARTY BETWEEN TALKS : The Belgian Prime Minister, M. Achille van Acker, gave a dinner party at his Brussels residence to the delegates from the six countries attending the talks on E.D.C. From left are M. Camille Huysmans, President of the Belgian Senate ; Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the West German Chancellor ; Mme. van Acker, the hostess ; and M. Joseph Bech, the Luxembourg Prime Minister and Foreign Minister.

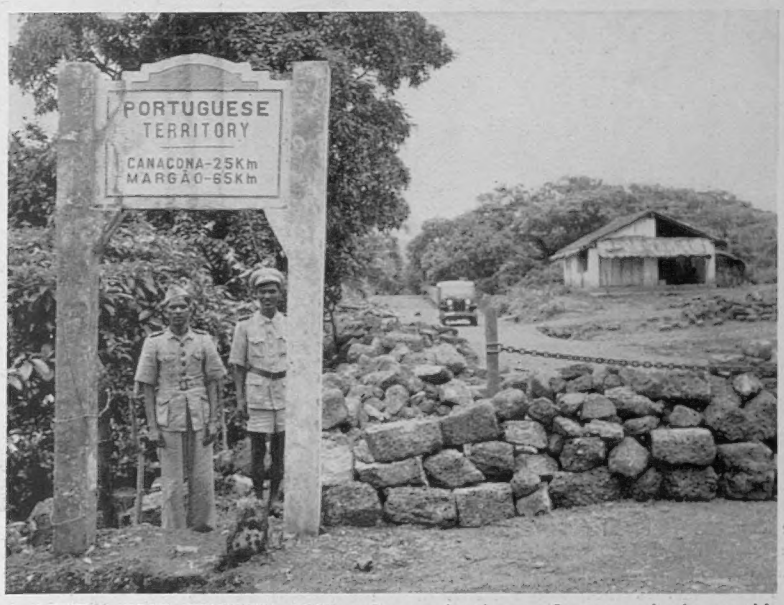
THE FIASCO IN GOA

The Great March of Indian Nationalists into the Portuguese Possession Fails to Materialise

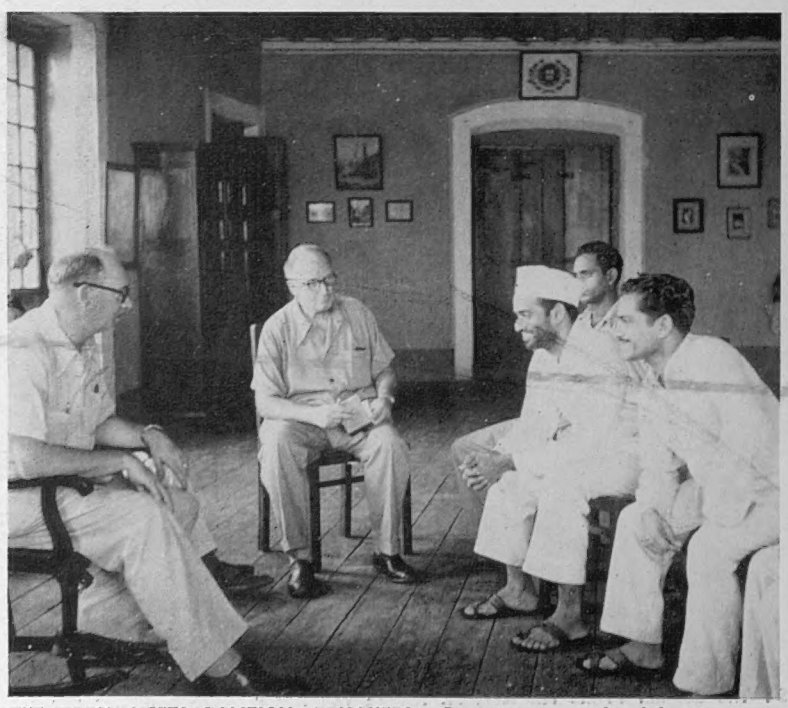
Good sense prevailed after all, and no foolish and regrettable outbreaks of violence occurred on the seventh anniversary of Indian Independence. On that day it had been widely heralded that Indian Nationalists would march into the Portuguese colony of Goa to liberate the people from foreign rule. In fact, a rather pathetic trickle of enthusiasts assembled at three different points on the frontier between the colony and India, and, watched—and outnumbered—by interested spectators, marched boldly into the territory carrying flags, shouting "Jai Hind," and smiling politely for the photographers. A few Customs officials informed the invaders that this was Portuguese territory, but the "liberators" were not to be deterred by mere words. Resolutely they marched forward along a hot and dusty road, hoping, no doubt, to be mown down by the machine-guns of the imperialist forces, who were in readiness at the other end. Instead, they came to a wire fence or some other obstacle, and were quietly detained by police. The great day of liberation had ended in fiasco, and the prayer for peace which all Portugal had offered up at masses on that Sunday had been heard.

Now that the tumult and the shouting have died down, it may be expected that the position of the Portuguese possessions in India will pass out of the realms of propaganda and be discussed sanely at the conference tables. The agitation by Indian Nationalists has at least shown Dr. Salazar and the Portuguese Government that intransigence alone is unlikely to solve any problems, and his willingness to negotiate is a significant change. Similarly, Portugal's firm attitude towards threats of "liberation" and the anxious inquiries of a large number of foreign countries must have convinced the Indian Government that the Portuguese possessions cannot readily be gained by force or threats.

PREPARING FOR THE "INVASION" OF GOA: Portuguese sappers mining a bridge at the frontier of Goa and India. They were prepared to blow up the bridge if faced with a liberating host, but the host turned out to be a rather pathetic trickle of Goan Indian Nationalists from Bombay. *On right*—Portuguese Customs guards awaiting some of the marchers.



A LONELY GOAN FRONTIER POST: Goa maintains a Customs check at this frontier post at Potem, at the south-western tip of the territory. This was believed at one time to be a route the Nationalists might favour.



THE PRESS MEETS POLITICAL PRISONERS: Reporters, on the left, are seen interviewing some of the prisoners in Aguada Prison. Some of the prisoners admitted quite frankly that they were professional agitators.

POLITICAL PRISONERS IN AGUADA PRISON: These prisoners are being marched out to meet newspaper reporters. Following accusations by India that political prisoners were being ill-treated in Goa, the Governor-General allowed several foreign Pressmen to interview twenty-one Goan and Indian political prisoners. The prisoners were dressed in clean civilian clothes and talked freely. They said that the food was all right and that their families could visit them once a week and buy them extra food, clothes, cigarettes and books. Some said they had been beaten by the police when first arrested but that their treatment afterwards was quite satisfactory. The lieutenant in charge said that he knew all the prisoners by their first names.

On left—
THE STRONG MAN OF GOA WHO REMAINED FIRM: The Governor-General, General Paulo Bernard Guedes, is seen outside the office of the Secretariat in Panjim, Goa's principal city, after talking over the latest situation with foreign newspaper reporters.

"LIBERATORS" ENTER GOA: These Indian Nationalists are seen entering Goa at the frontier post at Polem; they were led by Anthony de Sousa, a young Bombay bank clerk. Goan police later arrested them some six miles from the frontier post.

On left—

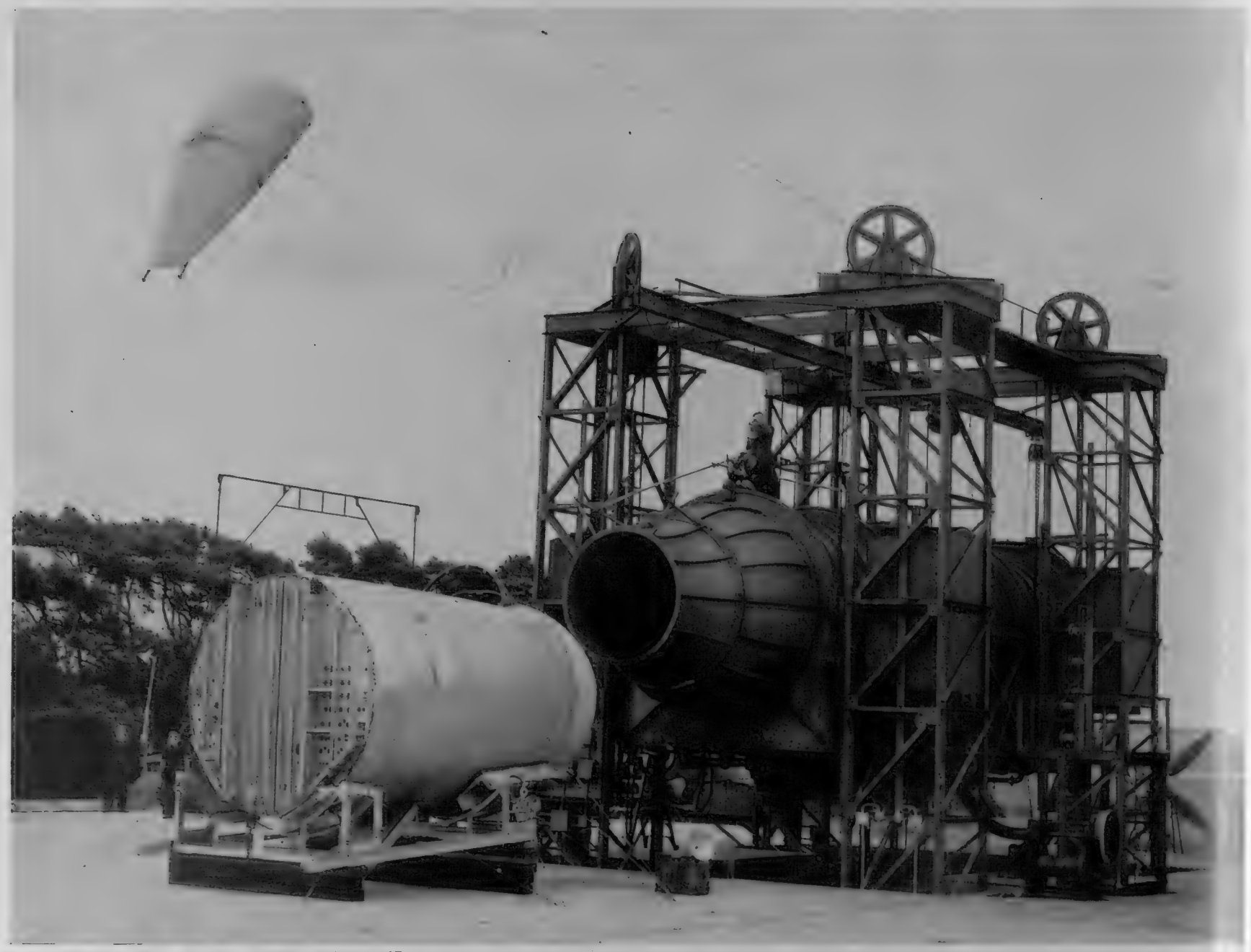
ON THE MARCH: This tiny band of nationalists marched into Goa, first under a hot sun, then in pouring rain. It was a wet and bedraggled band of "liberators" that was finally arrested.

On right—

FINAL BRIEFING: Peter Alvarez, President of the Goan National Congress, gives last-minute instructions to his followers at Karwal before they marched across the frontier into Goa.

THE END OF THE TRAIL: The Goan Nationalists from Bombay are finally halted at Maxem by Customs guards. All nineteen were arrested and taken by bus to Panjim, where they were imprisoned—a dismal end to the day's expedition.

THE FLAG IS FURLED: Goan Customs guards take away the Indian national flag which was carried by the "liberators." Those arrested were to be tried by the Portuguese for illegal entry, territorial violation and subversive activities.



DEMONSTRATING ONE OF THE SECRET DEVICES AT BOSCOMBE DOWN, WILTSHIRE: An air-blower whips up a wind of 250 m.p.h. as the hood of a Vulcan aircraft undergoes jettison tests at the Ministry of Supply's Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment. This experiment is to test the escape of an air-crew in an emergency.

SECRETS OF BOSCOMBE DOWN

The Ministry of Supply's Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment in Wiltshire, where Service Equipment is Tested

The main purpose of the Ministry of Supply's Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment at Boscombe Down, Wiltshire, is the examination of aircraft and equipment prior to their issue to the fighting Services. Normally, the tests are carried out in secret, but a few days ago the Establishment was opened to members of the Press and the pictures on this page, taken on that occasion, illustrate some aspects of the station's work. Dominating the entire area is a giant hangar 200 ft. long, alongside which is the reputedly longest runway in England. Some of the latest aircraft were assembled outside the hangar and demonstration flights were performed for the visitors.

One demonstration of particular interest was the landing of planes with the aid of lights, mirrors and a gyro mechanism. This new landing aid, which is mainly for use in aircraft-carriers, incorporates a large curved mirror, which the pilot watches when he approaches the carrier from astern. A gyro-operated mounting, perfected by naval gunnery experts, keeps this mirror at an angle constant to the line between the ship and the horizon. On each side of the mirror are two lines of coloured lights. Abaft the mirror and facing forward, another set of white lights shine into the mirror and produce a blob of light which is watched by the pilot as he approaches. If the blob remains in line with the coloured lights on each side, the pilot knows that his angle of approach in the vertical plane is correct. The curvature of the mirror, which is in the form of a segment of a cylinder polished inside, makes the blob visible at all necessary angles in the horizontal plane. Hence the pilot can pick up the lights as he sweeps round to approach the carrier's stern. Since he cannot take his eyes from the device in the aircraft-carrier, the pilot cannot look down at his instrument to check his speed of approach. To overcome this difficulty, a translucent reflecting material—i.e., a mirror which can be seen through—is arranged on the windscreen of the aircraft. In this reflector appear coloured lights which tell the pilot whether he is flying too fast, too slow or just right.

THE NEW LANDING DEVICE FOR PLANES AT SEA: A Venom fighter seen landing with the aid of a mirror, the landing system which can be used on aircraft-carriers at sea in place of the "Batsman." This British invention will help the Navy to operate the faster aircraft with which it is being equipped; the device can also be used on land. The idea for the mirror sight was put forward by Commander (Engineering) H. C. N. Goodhart, R.N.

On left—

OVERHAUL AT BOSCOMBE DOWN: Aircraft mechanics are seen at work on a Hunter aircraft, while a Venom, in the centre background, taxis to its take-off position. Away in the background can be seen a big new hangar, which has recently been completed for experimental purposes.

THE BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS CARRIES OUT ITS LAST PUBLIC DUTY BEFORE LEAVING FOR CANADA : Crowds gathered outside Buckingham Palace, watching the band of the Irish Guards playing at the guard-changing ceremony. A few days later the band left London by air for a two-months tour of Canada and the United States. The visit has been organised by a Boston firm, and the band was due to make its first appearance at the current Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. Later the band will play in Boston, Philadelphia and New York and possibly also in Detroit, Chicago and Washington. The band of the Irish Guards made a successful tour of Canada in 1905, and also played at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto in 1935.

REDCOATS FOR AMERICA

The Band of the Irish Guards Makes its Last Public Appearance in London before Leaving on a Two-months Tour of Canada and the United States

FRENCH HORNS ON PARADE : Captain C. H. Jaeger, the Director of Music, Irish Guards, supervising the French horn players of his sixty-man band at Buckingham Palace.

INSPECTION TIME : Captain C. H. Jaeger inspecting his band. He is accompanied by Band Colour-Sergeant F. Clarke, who, at 6 ft. 7½ ins., is said to be the tallest man in the Brigade of Guards.

A PRESENT FOR CANADA : Band Colour-Sergeant Clarke and Captain Jaeger with a highly-polished silver salver which is to be presented by the band to the Irish Regiment of Canada when in Toronto.

LOOKING UP TO THE BIG BASS DRUM : Musicians G. Wareham and J. Taylor looking up in awe at the resplendent figure of Band Colour-Sergeant Clarke at Wellington Barracks. Members of the band have played with well-known symphony orchestras.

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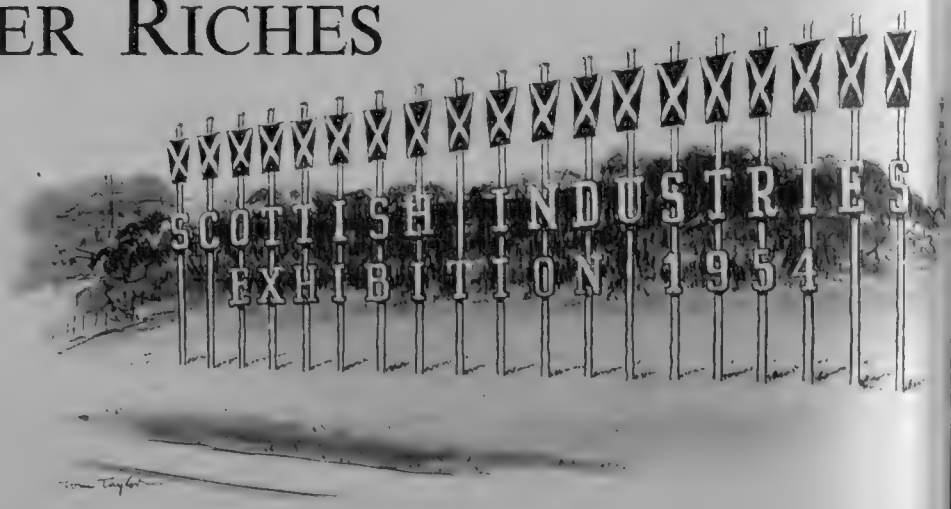
SCOTLAND SHOWS HER RICHES

The Scottish Industries Exhibition of 1954 Fills Four Acres of Glasgow's Kelvin Hall and Shows off Scotland's Wealth in Heavy and Light Engineering, in Textiles, and—the Biggest Dollar-Earner of all—Whisky

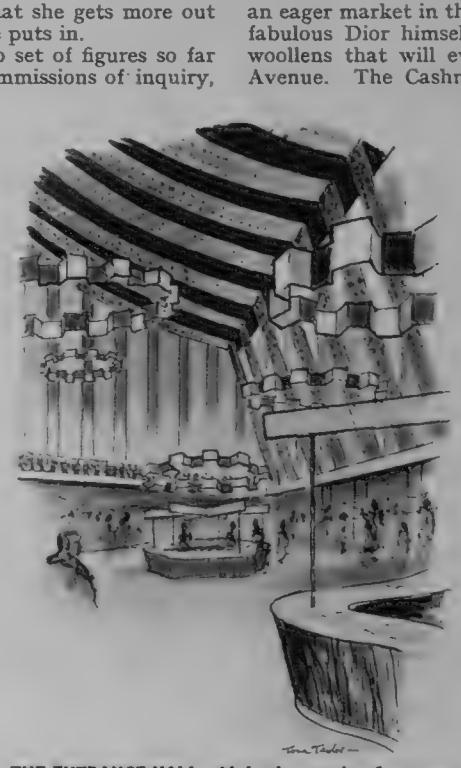
By GEORGE BLAKE



On right—
FACING THE EXHIBITION HALL : Across the road from Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, stands this decorative feature of poles bearing the Cross of St. Andrew.

HOW rich is Scotland relatively within the United Kingdom set-up? This is a bone of contention that is always good for a rousing dog-fight between the Nationalists and their opponents. The former assert that Scotland is really a rich little country that could maintain itself in decent independence on Scandinavian lines; the latter darkly suggest that she gets more out of the national exchequer than she puts in.

The root of the joke is that no set of figures so far published, nor all the efforts of commissions of inquiry, throw an absolutely certain beam of light into the whirling darkness of the national finances. Meanwhile, the suggestion or fear that Scotland is perhaps the poor relation of England and Wales evaporates as a matter for discussion in the face of the Scottish Industries Exhibition, 1954, filling the four acres of Glasgow's Kelvin Hall: one-and-a-half-long miles of stand frontage laden—one had almost said, sizzling—with the varied products manufactured North of the Tweed.



THE ENTRANCE HALL : Main decorative features of this hall are the strips of Royal Stuart tartan across the roof and the suspended metal cogwheels in blue, yellow and white.

"Industries" is in this context a slightly misleading term. There is no place here for the lowing kine and well-stuffed sheep of one of Scotland's major industries—agriculture. That has its own unique exposition at the Highland Show in June each year. Shipbuilding and coal-mining in all their native importance are taken more or less for granted. Engineering is richly represented indeed, but rather in its more specialised forms than in the massive products of boiler shops and locomotive works. In short, this is Scotland on exhibition mainly for export purposes, putting all the tiddly bits into the shop-window with a bang, a brilliant architectural scheme behind the effort.

The effort remains massive in bulk, fascinating in variety. It is, in fact, all so very surprising. One supposes that most people, thinking of Scottish industry, do think mainly of big ships, coal-mines, steel-works, and all that. Such was the natural development during the Industrial Revolution, and there is a lot of life in the old dog yet. But it has been Scotland's task to readjust its traditional economy in the face of changing world conditions and, indeed, to snap out of its old dependence on the "heavies." This meant more than the attraction of new industries into the new industrial estates; it also meant that the old basic industries must streamline themselves to win places in the markets of our brave new world. Of this trend the Scottish Industries Exhibition, 1954, is the authentic expression.

How strange it is that Scotch whisky is Britain's largest single U.S. dollar-earning export. Anybody can make whisky of a sort. Only a few years ago a number of enterprising gentlemen rented an office in the business centre of Glasgow and made whisky until the vast amount of smoke produced during the process of distillation attracted the attention of the Police and the Excise authorities. The Americans and the Canadians make whisky according to their lights, and the Japanese used to make characteristic passes at this fine art. But "Scotch" is still unique, the winner in the world market. And why?

The right quality of peaty water from the hills has something to do with it, likewise inherited wisdom in the choice of barley and grain for malting. There is something in the slow-burning qualities of peat in the firing of the brew. (The illicit distiller of the old days almost always gave himself away to the wary eyes of the Excise through the plume of peat-smoke from under his little still in the corries.) The rest—and how much it is!—is in the know-how, largely a matter of skill in blending the heady Highland malts with the lighter, more astringent grain whiskies distilled largely in the Lowlands. It is a wonder of this industry, based on primitive processes essentially, that a near-monopoly can maintain the quality of its branded products year after year with deviations that only the subtlest palate could detect.

So with the Scottish knitwear business, which has so obviously grown out of the inherited skill of the women who carded and wove the wool of a sheep-farming country. Now the fashion buyers of Paris itself come to see what the manufacturers of the Border and some Central Scotland towns are going to put on an eager market in the way of warm fluffies; so that the fabulous Dior himself is pleased to design fashions in woollens that will eventually be the rage along Fifth Avenue. The Cashmere knitwear workers of Hawick alone are *per head* the largest dollar-earners in all Great Britain.

The story of the Scottish textile industry is wholly fabulous. Does even the average reader need to be reminded that the bulk of our sewing cotton and stronger linen thread comes from the Paisley district, the business a romantic derivative of the old trade in those lovely Paisley shawls our great-grandmothers wore? He is less likely to know that the whole of the British jute industry is concentrated in the Dundee area, where they make practically all the heavy canvas sheets used throughout the world for wagon-covers, the water-proofing of ships' hatches, and so on. They make practically all the sacks and bags that general industries require—and all the sandbags, alas!—and the mill in Dundee that wove the canvas for Nelson's Navy at Trafalgar is still turning it out for the latest whimsy in the way of aircraft-carriers. Fine muslin for the headgear of oriental potentates is turned out in the East End of Glasgow by brisk girls who know no more of Arab life than they may have gathered from the late Rudolph Valentino.

These are all traditional crafts—a romance in every tale of development. It does seem remarkable that the Harris tweed, woven by Gaelic-speaking crofters in the Outer Isles, is the chosen material of the most sophisticated sportswear. One would hardly think it of "the lang toon" of Kirkcaldy, in Fife, but probably in no other place in the world is so much linoleum manufactured, and Scotland produces one-third of the U.K. output of carpets. The largest concern in Europe solely engaged in producing laundry equipment is situated on Clydeside. The largest rivet-making factory in the world is near Glasgow, and so is the largest sewing-machine factory in the world.

The list of triumphs could become a mere catalogue. Need one add that the largest steam boiler works in the Commonwealth is at Renfrew, the largest hydraulic engineering works in the Commonwealth at Kilmarnock, the largest steam locomotive works in the Commonwealth in Glasgow? It is almost a relief to turn from the fact that Scotland produces the total of Britain's aluminium output and be assured that she is well to the fore in the production of such homely goods as mouse-traps, clay pipes and shoe-laces.

Considering the ostensibly glorious list of achievement, however, one cannot but see how there creep into the picture those little doubts about the Scottish economy that still puzzle the experts.

The native achievements in the way of textiles, whisky, shipbuilding and engineering are stunning in their magnitude, indeed, and now in their dollar-earning capacity specially striking. When one considers the natures and nationalities of the powers behind the industrial thrones, however, it is not hard to see what worries the economists. It is pleasant to be able to boast that the largest steam boiler plant in the Commonwealth is at Renfrew, the largest sewing-machine factory in the world at Clydebank, but it is salutary to remember that both of these—Babcock and Wilcox and the Singer concern—came from the States on American capital.

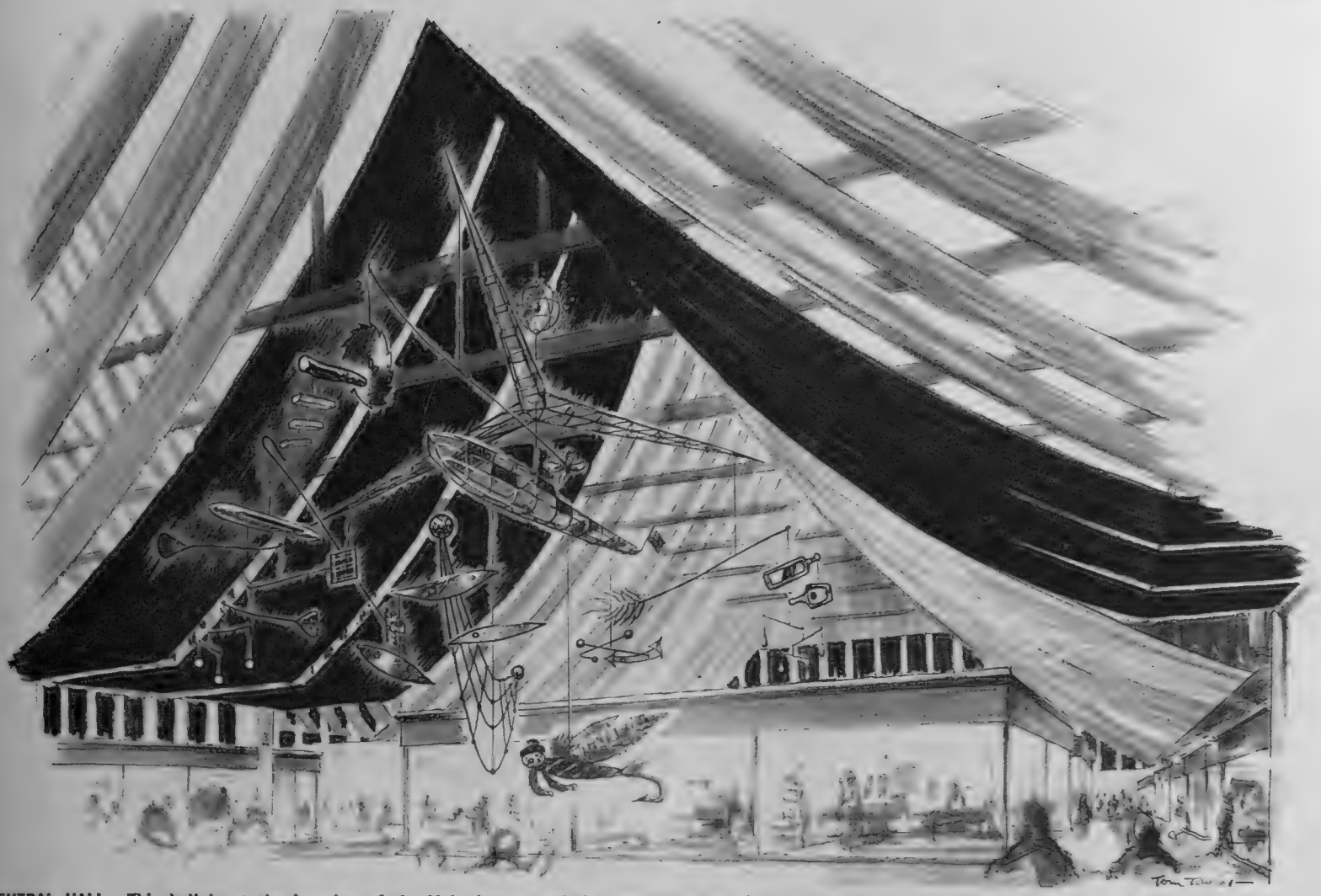
It may likewise seem surprising, especially to the English reader, that most of the electric shavers now made and used in Great Britain come from Scotland, that Scotland has become the main centre in Great Britain for the production of typewriters, and that at least 40 per cent. of British exports of office equipment is produced by Scottish workers: not to mention the pleasant little fact that they are now making most of Britain's alarm clocks.

One does not need to be a high-powered economist to understand this recent swing towards light industry nor to guess fairly shrewdly where the capital comes from. One of the typewriting enterprises is, in fact, Italian, but the shavers and clocks and adding machines are American, the projects backed by foreign capital, the capital can be anything but international.

In the issue, Scotland's chief industrial asset is a goodly supply of intelligent and adaptable labour, much of it female, that can carry into the new trades the feeling for careful craftsmanship it learned in the

Sketches by Tom Taylor

THE CLUB RESTAURANT : The restaurant and club lounge are for the use of overseas buyers. They have been furnished mainly by post-graduate students of the Glasgow School of Art, who painted the mural on the back wall. The right wall has a deep-red paper with a gold stripe, while the wall on the left has floral drapery.



THE CENTRAL HALL : This hall is at the junction of the Main Avenue and the Central Avenue. The avenues are formed by 3-ft.-wide strips of blue and yellow cloth, draped to form an arch. In the centre of the hall is suspended a "mobile," a counter-balanced collection of symbols, which is constantly rotating, depicting various branches of Scottish industry. Many of the symbols are made of polished metals, and are spotlighted as they spin and twist.

older, heavier industries. The president of one of the most powerful American corporations, now running a large factory on the outskirts of Dundee, put the issue well in a speech in New York to a conference of American businessmen interested in manufacturing within the sterling area. He said :

Altruism is not our strong suit. We selected Scotland for the material extension of our manufacturing activities because it seemed a good place in which to make our products. . . . We have formed the highest regard for Scottish labour. The Scots are a most hard-working, industrious people. That opinion is shared by anyone who has had experience of working with them. . . . As a consequence, we have raised our investment from 2,500,000 dollars four years ago to 9,500,000 dollars to-day. . . .

The speaker went on to reveal the alluring fact that his concern's products, made in Dundee, earn dollars by being exported to the United States from Scotland !

The economists and the politicians are welcome to chew over that pretty complication of international finance. The virtue of the Scottish Industries Exhibition, 1954, is that there is not a single article on view that was not made in Scotland by Scottish labour. It is a quite remarkable thing that the sponsors did not go creeping to the State for a subsidy. They simply decided that the guarantee fund should amount to £100,000, and they sent out some letters. Within weeks the Scottish banks and insurance companies, trade unions, local authorities and industrial concerns had put up £130,000. The last exhibition of the kind, in 1949, made a profit.

In spite of the dollars, it is pleasant to record that the Exhibition displays the products of old-established firms that are not necessarily in the hunt for those elusive coins. How pleasant it is to see how some of the older printing and publishing firms have contrived to show what a beautifully printed and well-bound book one of our most venerable crafts can still produce ! How agreeable to be reminded that the Scottish baker is awfully good at biscuits, the confectioners at jams, cakes and the unique Edinburgh Rock ! Even a poet could browse in a corner of the Kelvin Hall and, while Norman Hartnell or Aage Thaarup is conducting a fashion display in the arena, ponder the alluring range of specialised goods that are native specialities, from curling-stones to horncombs, from lovely tartans to golf-clubs. The 700 yards of Royal Stewart tartan that decorate the entrance hall were woven by a firm that has been in the business for 150 years.

THE ARENA : This has been designed to give the impression of an island of light floating in the darkness. It will be used mainly for fashion shows of clothes made from Scottish textiles—tweeds, cashmere, cotton, linens and fine muslin.

There it is again—that note of romance, announcing the uniqueness of certain skills in weaving and dyeing that can be no more successfully copied outside Scotland than the Japanese can be trusted to make a reasonably potable whisky. In one simple phrase, Scottish industry in 1954 is mainly engaged in streamlining traditional products to meet the hazards of the new economic climate. Nor are all the "new" industries concerned with office equipment as introduced by American firms enjoying special privileges, notably factory space at advantageous rates and freedom from U.K. surtax.

Possibly the average sight-seeing visitor to the Exhibition will linger with most curiosity about a small stand dedicated to a mysterious substance called Atholl Brose.

Atholl Brose is almost a legend. It is, in fact, a beverage of the liqueur type subtly compounded of honey, oatmeal and fresh cream on a whisky base, and it is guaranteed to warm the cockles of the chilliest heart. Not many Scotsmen have ever tasted it, for it has been served of recent years only in regimental messes and a few households that respect the old traditions. A few years ago, however, a group of Regular officers retired after the war, set themselves up in a village near Inverness as a small company to process and can Highland foods, among them Atholl Brose.

It is not wholly pleasant for the native Scot to see his traditions vulgarised, and he may very decently think that a company working on the production of chemicals from seaweeds is working nearer the bone. It still means a lot that the old lady can hire the Kelvin Hall to show so many medals old and new, all polished and clinking cheerfully.

THE CLUB LOUNGE : Like the restaurant, the lounge is primarily intended for buyers and their friends. The walls are painted a light colour and the furnishings are dark blue. The wall on the right has two silk-screened murals on fabric.

THE ENGINEERING HALL : The roof is of yellow drapes while the walls are of strips of black fabric—the whole designed to give the impression of a workshop.

A BAD SUMMER FOR BUTTERFLIES

Although Some Species have had a Quite Remarkable Year, this must have been One of the Worst Butterfly Summers on Record; but the Wet Months have Helped Observers to Witness Many of the Butterflies' Actions

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I THINK that, speaking for my own district (for I do not know how it has been over the country as a whole), this must have been one of the worst butterfly summers on record. And, for that matter, I have seen remarkably few moths. Even the ubiquitous "cabbage whites" have been practically absent from my garden the whole summer through. I saw one or two Large Whites and two or three Small Whites reconnoitring my vegetables away back at the end of April, when we had beautifully fine, if rather cool, weather. But since then they have been noticeable by their absence. So much so, indeed, that the sight of a solitary Large White, fluttering over lavender during the second week of August, was sufficient to draw comment from everyone round the tea-table. A couple of summers ago I was collecting the caterpillars of the Whites literally by the bucketful in my kitchen garden, and last summer (as happens normally) some of the plants were so ravaged that they were little more than skeletons on the stalks. This summer my vegetables have altogether escaped.

In view of the weather we have experienced here on the north Hampshire border, this may not seem surprising. We associate butterflies with the sunlight and the warmth, and we have not had overmuch of the former and little enough of the latter. But we have had plenty of wet and cool summers before, and not, in my memory, such a complete absence of the most common garden butterflies.

I do not myself think that the current weather really has very much effect on the butterflies, at least so far as their numbers are concerned. Of course, the current weather does have its effect—most of our butterflies do fly only in the sunlight—but it is really the weather of the preceding winter that matters. A mild, open winter is followed, more often than not, by a poor butterfly and moth summer: a hard winter by a good butterfly and moth summer.

But, though last winter was for the most part open enough (we had only one really cold and hard snap), I do not think that that can altogether account for this garden butterfly-less summer. For the scarcity has not held good for all species of butterflies. It has, for example, been a quite remarkable year for the Purple Emperor, which in my neighbourhood can normally only be described as scarce. This summer, and not only in my neighbourhood, there have been more Purple Emperors than usual. It may be, of course, that the Purple Emperor is not really as uncommon as one has always imagined. Mostly they fly high—among the topmost branches of the oaks or even above the trees—and modern man only looks upward at the sound of an aeroplane, and not always then. Even so, this summer the Purple Emperor has been coming down to the ground very much more often than usual, and without the lure of rotting meat which they love dearly. It seems to me to be doubtful if the weather can be held responsible for this very pleasant state of affairs.

It is possible that the roadside weed-spraying that has been undertaken in many parts of the country this year may account for some of the scarcity. Indeed, it must obviously have destroyed many thousands of caterpillars by destroying their food-plants. Incidentally, this spraying seems, in my neighbourhood, also to have affected the lime trees. They have not been killed outright, so far as one can judge, but their leaves are badly shrivelled. And I have come across several Lime Hawkmoth caterpillars wandering about in the roadways, presumably looking for something else to eat. Be that as it may, the butterflies and moths of exposed and unfrequented places, which are not subjected to wholesale weed-spraying, do not seem to have suffered at all, and despite the inclement weather have been present in very much the same numbers as usual.

One such place is a railway embankment near my home, and there can be few more exposed places in Southern England than a railway embankment facing south-west. Many people have drawn attention to the beauty of railway embankments from the botanist's point of view, and I suspect that they are also well known to entomologists as happy hunting-grounds. I am not an entomologist, and I have no specialised knowledge of butterflies or moths. Originally, I went to this embankment because I have never grown out of my childish love of trains and I went there to watch the trains go by. But it did not take me very long to find that this particular embankment was even better for butterflies and the day-flying moths than it was for trains. The Common Blue is always present in some numbers, and there are always one or two examples of the Small Blue—the smallest of the British butterflies—which the country people hereabouts, especially the older ones, call the Bedford Blue; and I do not know how it came to acquire that name in Hampshire. (I remember, when I was a boy in Wales, that the country people there used to call it Cupid's Blue, which is really rather astonishing, since the scientific name is *Cupido minimus*.) But these Small Blues really live in an old chalk-pit hard by and only pay fleeting visits to the rough grassy slope of the embankment, so perhaps they cannot truly be called embankment butterflies. In addition, there are always Meadow Browns and Dingy Skippers and Small Heaths. And of the day-flying moths the ones that strike you at once are the Burnets and the brilliant Wood Tiger, which country people—everywhere, I think—call Mother Shipton.

Now, with the exception of the Small Blue (which is rather local and inclined to stick to one small patch of ground), all these are common enough insects. No entomologist would get in the least excited about any of them. But, if you are like me, and have no deep knowledge of butterflies and moths, but merely like watching them for their beauty, then you will find, I think, that they pose a number of very interesting questions.

IS THIS BUTTERFLY "AS UNCOMMON AS ONE HAS ALWAYS IMAGINED"?: The Purple Emperor has been very much more in evidence this summer than on former occasions.

Take the Wood Tiger. There can, surely, be few more conservative creatures on earth than this. If you disturb one, it will fly away and you will soon lose sight of it. But, if you come back a few minutes later, say twenty minutes or so, then you will disturb it again from the self-same spot and again it will fly away in exactly the same direction as previously. And you can go on playing this game all day long. It seems to have a home—just one small spot on all that length of embankment, a spot which looks exactly like the rest of the embankment and which to our eyes seems to have nothing particular to recommend it, but a spot which it can pick out without difficulty. I have not noticed this particularly with the other butterflies and moths of the embankment—or, indeed, with those in my garden—but I wonder if it is so with all of them? The books do not tell me.

And then, consider the brilliance of the Wood Tiger. Nature has made no attempt whatever to harmonise it with its surroundings. It is most conspicuous both on the wing and when at rest in its home among the grasses. Presumably, these are "warning colours," colours telling the birds that Mother Shipton is not good to eat. It is a satisfying explanation in print, but somehow when you see a Wood Tiger in the field it does not seem quite so satisfying. The utilitarian explanation does not also account for the exquisite beauty of form surely?

And, if you watch the little butterflies of the embankment — or anywhere else, of course—you cannot fail to notice that they have their little personal idiosyncrasies. Is there also a utilitarian explanation for these? For example, all these butterflies perch on the grass-heads. But they do so in very different ways. The Small Heath rests on its grass-head. The Dingy Skipper is constantly perching on a flower or a grass-head, opening and shutting its chequered wings, almost as though it wanted to draw attention to itself. But it stays only a moment or two and then skips away again—to repeat the performance a yard or so away. You would think that a keen-eyed bird with a taste for butterflies simply could not miss it.

But the Small Heath, when it perches, folds its wings vertically over its body and settles down for a nap. So perched, you can see only the undersides of the wings, and these at a glance certainly seem to harmonise with the surrounding vegetation and so to serve as camouflage against enemies. But, after you have watched a few Small Heaths at rest, you begin to doubt it. Indeed, you come to regard it as pretty conspicuous when at rest, for in sunlight there is a glint almost of orange where a part of the upper sides of the upper wings shows through quite plainly, and, once you have an eye for this sort of thing (and surely the butterfly's enemies would have such an eye for their dinner?), there is no mistaking the black spot near the tip of the upper wing. Anyway, you have only to watch the Small Heaths for a little while to realise that they are optimistic little beasts. They have no "warning colours," but they do not give a fig for the eyesight of their enemies. What they want is a nap.

I have read somewhere that at dusk, when the Small Heath goes to bed, the glint of orange, which is so noticeable in the sunlight, is not visible—not only because there is then no sunlight, but also because the upper wings are set so far back that only their tips show above the under wings. In that case, of course, the Small Heath in the evening would be very much less conspicuous than the Small Heath in the sunlight. But why should it be? What is the necessity? It suggests that the butterfly is in the greatest danger during the hours of darkness, but I cannot help wondering what enemy it is that searches the grass-heads in the night. Again the books are not enlightening. In any case, at dusk, the Small Heath is not so very inconspicuous. With a little practice you can pick out a Small Heath asleep on a plantain at a range of a couple of feet. It seems to me that they do not care

The sleeping positions of these small butterflies are most interesting. The Common Blue lays back its wings in the manner of the Small Heath, all but the tips of the upper pair being concealed by the lower. But, whereas the Small Heath always seems to sleep at right angles to the plantain head, the Common Blue sleeps along its blade of grass, and usually head-downwards. (Occasionally, you will find one sleeping head-upwards; but you will never find one at right angles to its bed.) Presumably, the butterflies know what they are about and have a good reason for adopting these positions. I do not think that the different positions can offer any protection against enemies—indeed, I doubt if they really have serious enemies in the hours of darkness—but I think that they do offer protection against the weather.

Some butterflies, like the Small Blue, for instance, spend the night or a really wet day on the underside of a broad leaf. Some, like the Purple Emperor, get themselves into the ridges of a tree trunk. Some, like the Silver-washed Fritillary or the High Brown Fritillary, fly up into the trees for the night or on wet days, and seek the shelter of the leaves and branches. And it is easy enough to see that the Common Blue gets a good deal of protection from its position on the grass.

But what about the Small Heath set at right angles to its plantain head? Or, as in many places, at right angles to a knapweed-head? It would really seem that it could not choose a more exposed position in which to pass a night or a windy day or a wet day. Yet the Small Heath knows very well what it is about. If you will look next summer (or even this summer, for a few will be about until the end of September in the South of England) at the next Small Heath you come across in a real downpour, you will find that, exposed though it is, it is quite unharmed and quite dry. And this, I think, is not the least of marvels, though the Small Heath is so common that nobody seems to notice it.

THE UPPER SIDE OF A SMALL BLUE: On a really wet day he will be found on the underside of a broad leaf.

Photographs by S. Beaufoy, of Ipswich

The value of the right-angle position on the plant-head in a storm is easier to see. It looks exposed and dangerous enough, but in fact it is not, for the butterfly's position relative to the head of the plant is always the same, and as the plant gives to the wind, so does the butterfly, though it beats me how so tiny a creature manages to hang on.

There have been all too many opportunities for observing this sort of thing this summer. I find myself, knowing nothing about it, somewhat unconvinced by the accepted explanations of colour and camouflage, but tremendously intrigued by the ordinary everyday life of these small and very common little insects. I wish I knew more. Almost I could hope for another wet summer.

Viet Nam Refugees on the Move

Preparations are Made for the Partition of the Indo-China State in Accordance with the Truce Terms

Viet Nam to-day presents the unhappy picture of a country more divided than even the truce negotiators in Geneva could have contrived. While hundreds of refugees still crowd every form of transport to leave their home towns in the north of Viet Nam, the International Truce Supervisory Commission arrived in Hanoi to see that the terms of the Geneva Agreement are faithfully carried out. But the future of Indo-China depends on the war of nerves which is being waged in that part of Viet Nam below the 17th Parallel which was to be denied to the Viet-minh. Ho Chi Minh has, in his propaganda speeches, tried to show himself to be a man of good will and true patriotism, and his appeal to the Viet Namese, who are tired of the vacillation of their own Government, is proving almost irresistible. From all parts of the country come reports of growing support for Viet-minh, so that it seems likely that what the Communists failed to gain in war they will win in the forthcoming elections. Unless some startling new political event occurs, the rest of Viet Nam, and, sooner or later, also the associated states of Laos and Cambodia, will assuredly fall to the Viet-minh. The unexpected and so far unexplained decision of the Emperor Bao Dai to return from Evian, where he has been taking the waters in recent months, and face the crisis in his country, may be of important political significance. But whether for good or for ill none will dare prophesy.

ALL MEANS OF TRANSPORT ARE USED TO EVACUATE CIVILIANS FROM NORTHERN VIET NAM: A military landing-craft, fully-loaded with Viet Namese civilians, about to leave Dong Hoi on its way south beyond the 17th Parallel towards Tourane. The evacuation of civilians from those areas of Viet Nam which, under the terms of the Geneva Truce Agreement, are to be surrendered to the Viet-minh is continuing steadily.

THE LAST BUS FROM SONTAY: A pathetic picture of the few goods and chattels belonging to refugees from Sontay, a key town in the Western Tonkin Delta, who had just arrived in Hanoi on the last bus, seen on the left. The refugees had made a desperate effort to escape the Viet-minh.

THE PORT OF HAIPHONG BECOMES A REFUGEE CENTRE: A cluster of women and children outside the University building in Haiphong, the last port of the Red River Delta. Into this town have poured many thousands of refugees who wish to be evacuated south. The University is being used as an emergency centre for these refugees.

GARLANDS FOR THE TRUCE SUPERVISORS: Members of the International Truce Commission for Viet Nam wearing garlands around their necks on arrival at Hanoi from Delhi. They are, from left, Mr. R. M. MacDonnel, of the Canadian delegation; Mr. S. Dutt, of India, and Mr. P. Ogrozinski, of Poland, a former Chargé d'Affaires in Paris. Accompanying them is the Indian Consul in Hanoi.

A GRIM LOOK FROM THE LEADER OF THE FRENCH TRUCE DELEGATION: General Daltheil, who was France's representative at Geneva, is followed by a Viet-minh delegate to the Trung Gia Truce Conference as they made their way to Hanoi Airport to welcome members of the International Truce Commission, who had just arrived to begin their work of supervising the evacuations in Viet Nam.

CANADA'S GREAT NEW POWER STATION

Situated just below Niagara Falls, this Hydro-electric Power Plant will be Opened on August 30 by the Duchess of Kent

On August 30 the Duchess of Kent opens the Sir Adam Beck-Niagara Generating Station No. 2 at Niagara Falls; this is one of the Duchess's most important engagements during her Canadian tour.

Construction of the power station, which has cost 343,742,000 dollars, began in December 1950; where, three-and-a-half years ago, there were only the bare 300-ft. cliffs of the lower Niagaran Gorge, there is now the impressive structure of the new power-house, with the pen-stocks in their concrete "envelopes" rising above it.

The power-house, which has sixteen generators of a total 1,828,000 h.p., is fed from the river, two miles upstream from Niagara Falls, by two tunnels, each 45 ft. in diameter. These tunnels, which pass under the township of Niagara Falls, will carry 15,000,000 gallons of water per minute. They feed the water into a 2¼-mile-long open-cut canal which, in turn, leads to the headworks of the power station. Leading off the canal is a reservoir, with a capacity of 650,000,000 cub. ft., which will store water, pumped in overnight, against peak electricity periods. Then the pumps, in reverse, act as turbo-generators, with a capacity of 228,000 h.p.

The power-house itself, with its sixteen generators, lies six miles downstream from the Falls, and is approximately 1,150 ft. long, 63 ft. wide and 50 ft. high.

THE NIAGARA PROJECT'S INTAKE AREA: This aerial picture shows the two water intakes for the new power station. All that can be seen of No. 1 intake is the giant control gate in the centre of the picture. To the right of it is the nearly completed second gate; behind a temporary dam men are building the intake, which will later be submerged.

CANADA'S NEWEST POWER STATION AT NIAGARA FALLS: The new Sir Adam Beck-Niagara Generating Station No. 2, on the left of the picture, is fed by water piped from a point 2 miles upstream of the Falls. It adjoins the old station, which was built in 1921.

On right—

OPEN TO VIEW: Residents of the towns of Niagara Falls and Stamford take a look at one of the mighty 5⅛-mile-long twin tunnels which will feed water to the new power-house.

THE GENERATOR FLOOR: This shows the 100,000-h.p. generators being assembled; one unit is here already in operation. Each 60-cycle generator weighs about 450 tons. There will be sixteen of these units.

THE NEW CANAL FOR THE POWER STATION: Leading off from the new canal to the left is the channel for a huge storage reservoir which will hold 650,000,000 cub. ft. of water. Water will be pumped in at night and stocked for generating electricity for peak periods. The water will then flow through the pumps, which, in reverse, function as generators.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CITY BEGINS AT LAST : Workmen demolishing the walls of a building destroyed by bombs at the corner of Gresham Street and Aldermanbury. Below them work is already starting on the foundations of a new office block. The roofless church in the background is the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. In the extreme left background can be seen the spire of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, which is designated as one of the new Parish Churches in the City of London.

A NEW OFFICE BLOCK BESIDE A HISTORIC CHURCH : A view from Wood Street, looking towards Aldermanbury. A giant crane is at work on a new office block, while in the foreground stands St. Alban's Church, Wood Street. This fine building, now gutted, was rebuilt first by Inigo Jones, and then, after the Great Fire, by Wren. Now only the Wren tower and the walls remain.

REBUILDING THE CITY

NINE YEARS AFTER THE WAR NEW BUILDINGS ARE AT LAST SPRINGING UP ON THE BOMBED SITES IN THE HEART OF LONDON

It is now more than eight months since Sir Winston Churchill agreed with the Lord Mayor of London that the ruins of the City were a shocking sight, and that he had asked the Ministers concerned to expedite licences for new buildings and repairs. This summer, although not by any means an ideal one for building, has witnessed a tremendous surge of activity on the many bombed sites which serve as grim reminders of the war years.

Perhaps the most noteworthy damage done by German bombers was the destruction of most of the City churches, many of them rebuilt or renovated by Wren after the Great Fire of 1666. It is interesting to note that the ecclesiastical life of the City has not been forgotten in the rush to build new large offices and public buildings. Under the master plan for the City's churches twenty-four have been designated as Parish Churches, which will be rebuilt or restored where necessary as soon as circumstances allow. A further fifteen churches have been designated as Guild Churches, and these, too, will be restored in the course of time. There can be little doubt that this plan, besides providing for the spiritual needs of the City, will do much to preserve its unique picturesque and historic character.

(*Continued on following pages*)

REBUILDING THE CITY *(Continued)*

AN IMPORTANT SITE AT HOLBORN CIRCUS : A tower crane at work on the triangular island site at the junction of Charterhouse Street and Holborn Viaduct. The building that is now being erected will house the Diamond Trading Company. In the background is one of the City's more recently completed buildings, Atlantic House, which is used by Her Majesty's Stationery Office. It was while preparing this site at Holborn Circus earlier in the year that workmen discovered a number of important Roman relics.

FRENZIED ACTIVITY AROUND ST. PAUL'S : The scene of intense building activity to the east of the great cathedral. Between Cannon Street on the left and Watling Street in the centre foreground is the site for a new office block. The giant cranes and girders on the right, between Watling Street and Cheapside, are on the site of the new offices now under construction for the Bank of England. Most of the new building operations have only got under way in recent months.

MAKING THE BEST USE OF BOMBED SITES : Gardens and temporary shops pleasantly laid out in La Belle Sauvage. Behind is the uncompleted London Electricity Authority's building, and in the background the dome of the Old Bailey.

As befits the centre of a great commercial empire, the overwhelming number of new buildings now under construction in the City are business houses. Usually these take the form of large office blocks, though, in some cases, individual companies and organisations are taking over the new buildings. Such enterprises as the Monotype Company and the *Morning Advertiser* are rebuilding on the site of their old premises, long since destroyed by enemy action. Other enterprises, like Lloyd's and Her Majesty's Stationery Office, have taken advantage of the bombed sites to extend their own premises and build anew.

City companies are not alone in taking advantage of the damage wreaked by enemy bombs. One solution to the traffic problem is to build new roads, and the City Corporation in one or two instances has planned to do that. An example is the New Fetter Lane project, just off the present Fetter Lane. Here it is planned to construct a new road which will cut across the unsightly waste ground on the east side of that busy City thoroughfare. It may still be many years before the City of London no longer bears any scars. But already we can be sure that ancient and modern will, as before, blend harmoniously on London's skyline.

NEW ENTERPRISES VIEWED THROUGH A NETWORK OF STEEL GIRDERS : The site in the foreground is of the new premises of the Bank of London and South America in Queen Victoria Street. The new office block in the distance is St. Swithin's House, Walbrook, while immediately in front of it the ground is being cleared for Bucklersbury House. This, when completed, will become the biggest building in the City, rising to fourteen storeys.

THE TOWER CHURCH IS REBUILT : All Hallows by the Tower, on Tower Hill, is now slowly being rebuilt. This fine City church, which belonged to Barking Abbey as early as 1303, is noted for its magnificent brasses and its interior furnishings.

THE NEW OFFICES OF LLOYD'S : The site in Fenchurch Street is at present a mass of steel girders. The foundation-stone of the new Lloyd's building was laid by the Queen in November 1952. The new building will supplement the present Lloyd's offices in Leadenhall Street.

ACHIEVEMENT AND PROMISE—TWO NEW BUILDINGS WHICH ARE CHANGING THE FEATURES OF THE CITY : *On left*—Atlantic House, in Holborn Viaduct, which houses tne Stationery Office and other Government Departments. *On right*—The new Monotype House in Fetter Lane. To the right, in the background, is the Public Record Office. The new building is set at an angle to Fetter Lane, so that it will stand parallel to a new road, New Fetter Lane, which the City Corporation plans to build.

THE NEW INNER TEMPLE HALL TAKES SHAPE: A general view from the Embankment Gardens, showing the new Hall in its position close to the Temple Church, and other new buildings. In the centre of the picture is the new Pump Court Building, while those on the left are the Harcourt and Elm Buildings. A short distance from the Hall is the new Master's House. There has been much activity in the Temple in recent years, and many of the heavily-bombed buildings are now fully restored.

PROGRESS AT THE TEMPLE

Where a Vast Rebuilding Programme, Made Necessary by Extensive Bombing, is Well Under Way

In 1941 high-explosive bombs, landmines and incendiaries rained down upon the whole Temple area, causing havoc of devastating magnitude. This area, lying between Fleet Street and the Thames Embankment, has, throughout its long history, been subjected to repeated attacks and damage by fire, but probably none so extensive as that which it sustained thirteen years ago. Since the end of the war the architects responsible for the restoration of the Temple have been pushing ahead with their plans, and many of the new buildings, occupying the sites of their predecessors, have been completed. The Middle Temple Hall was completed some considerable time ago and the first part of the Temple Church was re-dedicated earlier this year. In 1952 the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the new Hall of the Inner Temple, and progress on the erection of this building is now in an advanced state. This new building will comprise not only the Hall and Library, but also Common rooms, Parliament Chambers and Treasurer's office. Close by, the foundations have been prepared for yet another big, new block of Chambers. It is a happy thought that in the architects' plans for reconstruction the Temple's collegiate atmosphere is being preserved.

TWO NEW ENTRANCES IN THE RESTORED TEMPLE: *Left*—A doorway of the new Harcourt Buildings surmounted by the stone carving of the coat-of-arms of the Inner Templers, and, *on right*, the new entrance arch to the newly-built Elm Court, leading from Middle Temple Lane to the impressive Cloisters.

THE FOUNDATIONS FOR THE NEW CARTMELL BUILDINGS: This block will be erected close to the new Inner Temple Hall (on left centre of picture). Lamb Buildings will also be built very near this spot. While building is in progress the pedestrian passageway is restricted to a narrow lane. Rising in the background is the spire of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street.

STONE CARVINGS AT PROMINENT POSITIONS: Over the entrance arch to the new Elm Court is the coat-of-arms of Lord Jowitt. *Below*—This Royal coat-of-arms is placed over the centre arch of the new Cloisters in Pump Court.

GENERALS ON PARADE

The C.I.G.S. Holds His Annual Exercise and Conference at the Staff College, Camberley

With each summer the Chief of the Imperial General Staff's Annual Exercise and Conference at the Staff College, Camberley, takes on added importance. It is a great gathering of military commanders, not only from all the chief commands of the British Army at home and overseas, but also from the General Staffs of the Commonwealth armies. In addition there are representatives from the Admiralty and the Air Ministry, and also from the Ministries intimately connected with the effective deployment of the Army.

The Exercise and Conference were private, but Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, the C.I.G.S., gave some idea of the subjects under discussion. Among them were the lessons drawn from exercises during the past year, which, in turn, had been based on the conclusions of last year's Camberley exercise, when the effect of nuclear weapons on Army tactics was examined. This problem is still a pressing one, and new facts and ideas are constantly coming to light. The assembly of representatives from all parts of the Commonwealth will have given the C.I.G.S. an opportunity of assessing how far other countries are prepared to go to keep up with the latest developments and the tactical changes involved. The changes which an army will have to make in order to be fully equipped for modern warfare are going to be extremely costly. Some Commonwealth countries may not be prepared to inflate their defence expenditures as far as it may prove to be necessary to meet all the technical requirements of the modern army.

AN IMPOSING ASSEMBLY FOR THE CAMBERLEY CONFERENCE : The Chief of the Imperial General Staff with the Commanders-in-Chief of the Army's Home and Overseas Commands, together with representatives of the Commonwealth armies.

On left—
CONVERSATION PIECE : Talking before the Conference opened are, from right, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S. ; Lieut.-General Sir Sydney Rowell, Chief of the Australian General Staff ; and General Sir Richard Gale, Commander-in-Chief, British Army of the Rhine.

On right—
BEHIND THE SCENES : The age-old problem of what to do with one's hands crops up for these military, naval and civilian representatives posing for their photographs.

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH : From left are Lieut.-General C. L. de W. du Toit, Chief of the General Staff, South Africa ; General Mohd Ayub Khan, Commander-in-Chief, Pakistan ; and General Sir George Erskine, who is Commander-in-Chief, East Africa.

COMBINED OPERATION : From left are General Sir Richard Gale, Lieut.-General G. G. Simonds, Chief of the General Staff, Canada ; and Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman, one of the representatives of the Air Ministry.

AN IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF IN THE FULLEST SENSE : From left are Lieut.-General du Toit, South Africa ; Lieut.-General Sir Sydney Rowell, Australia ; Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff ; Lieut.-General G. G. Simonds, Canada ; General Maharaj Shri Rajendrasinhji, Commander-in-Chief, India ; General Mohd Ayub Khan, Pakistan ; and Brigadier L. W. Thornton, of the New Zealand Army.

THE "SOUTHERN CROSS" PROUDLY RIDES THE WATER: The ship was launched by the Queen last week at the Belfast yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, and is pictured here just after she entered the water. The Queen interrupted her holiday and flew from Balmoral to carry out the engagement. The *Southern Cross* is a revolutionary passenger vessel: of 20,000 tons, her engines are installed aft, and all available internal space has been given over to passenger accommodation.

THE QUEEN LAUNCHES "SOUTHERN CROSS"

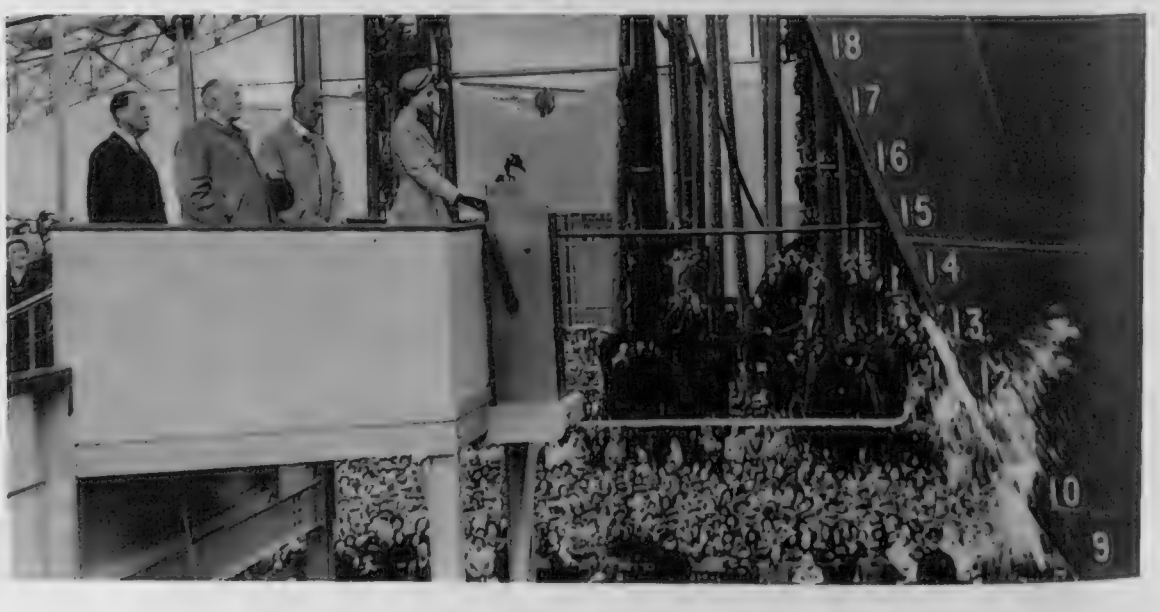
Shaw Savill's Uniquely-designed Liner will make Four Annual Journeys Round the World

THE QUEEN LAUNCHES THE "SOUTHERN CROSS": Standing on the launching platform, the Queen watches the ship go down the slipway. With her (left to right) are: Sir Frederick Rebbeck, chairman of Harland and Wolff; Lord Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland; Mr. Basil Sanderson, chairman of Shaw Savill.

Last week the Queen interrupted her holiday at Balmoral to fly to Belfast and launch a revolutionary liner—the Shaw Savill Line's *Southern Cross*. Built by Harland and Wolff, it is unique among modern passenger liners in two respects: her engines and boilers are installed aft, as in an oil tanker, and she will carry no cargo. All the available internal space, amounting to about 43,000 sq. ft. of clear deck space, will be available for cabins and public rooms. There will be accommodation for some 1,200 passengers in tourist class only.

The owners were influenced in choosing this unconventional design by the difficulties of operating passenger-cargo ships to schedule on long voyages involving many ports of call. Since the war the loading arrangements at many ports on the New Zealand run have become less efficient; ships have frequently been forced either to sail empty or to wait for cargo. The *Southern Cross* will now be able to make four round-the-world trips each year instead of the normal three of a passenger-cargo vessel. When she enters service next year the *Southern Cross* will be commanded by Sir David Aitchison, K.C.V.O., who was captain of the Shaw Savill liner *Gothic* during the Royal Tour.

TAKING THE WATER: The new liner rides down the slipway. When completed, she will have cost over £7,000,000, and will be able to carry 1,200 passengers. *Below*—The Queen sends a bottle of Empire champagne cracking against the ship's side as she names it.



NEW SHIPS AFLOAT

A Cable Repair Ship and a Cunard Liner Prepare for their Maiden Voyages, and a P. & O. Liner is Seen During a European Cruise

Below—

BRITAIN'S MOST UP-TO-DATE CABLE SHIP PREPARES FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: A view from the Tyne bridge of the cable ship *Recorder*, berthed at the Newcastle Quay. She was ready to sail for Greenwich, where she was to load cable before embarking on her maiden voyage to Singapore, from where she will operate. The 3,300-ton vessel, which was launched last May, is the first British cable repair ship built to handle the new deep-sea submarine telegraph repeaters. The *Recorder*, the third of her name, will assist in the maintenance of the 20,000 miles of Cable and Wireless communications in the Far East.

A RARE ARRIVAL IN HAMBURG: The 29,734-ton P. & O. liner *Arcadia* coming into dock at the Oversea Bridge in Hamburg. A liner of this size is a rare event in Hamburg nowadays, and the *Arcadia* was originally scheduled to dock at Copenhagen, but was diverted to the German port. The *Arcadia* was on a twenty-day Scandinavian summer cruise, and took her 754 passengers from Greenock to Narvik, Bergen, Oslo, Gothenburg, Amsterdam, and finally back to Southampton. Two of the liner's unusual features can be seen in this picture. One is the special funnel, which has been designed to carry smoke and smuts clear of the decks below it. The other is the wide observation lounge, immediately below the navigating bridge, occupying the full sweep of the curved bridge. The *Arcadia* went on her maiden voyage to Australia last February, and after going on three cruises in the Mediterranean area she will resume her voyages across the Indian Ocean next October.

THE LATEST CUNARD LINER GOES INTO DRY DOCK BEFORE UNDERGOING HER FINAL TRIALS: The 22,000-ton *Saxonia* entering the Barclay Curle dry dock, near Glasgow, where she was painted and thoroughly examined before her trials in the Clyde. *On right*—Tugs in charge of the Cunard liner as she makes her way up the Clyde on her way to the dry dock from the John Brown fitting-out basin. After a day's trials, the *Saxonia* sailed to Liverpool. From there she is due to go on her maiden voyage to Quebec and Montreal next week. The *Saxonia*, which was launched by Lady Churchill in February, is the largest Cunard liner to be built for the voyage 1,000 miles up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal. She is the first of three new passenger liners which the Cunard Company will use on this journey. Her draught is rather shallower than that of most transatlantic liners to enable her to negotiate Quebec bridges on her voyage up the St. Lawrence. Her funnel is of a design unusual for Cunarders: it is an oval section, with a domed top. The *Saxonia's* nine decks will enable her to carry 125 first-class and 800 tourist-class passengers.

NEWS FROM AFRICA, AMERICA, AND EUROPE

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS ON THE THREE CONTINENTS

THE CARPETS ARE LAID OUT FOR FRANCE'S NEW RESIDENT-GENERAL IN TUNISIA: General Boyer de la Tour being welcomed in the seaside town of Marabout de Maharès. He was visiting towns and villages throughout Tunisia as part of his official engagements within a few weeks of his appointment as French Resident-General. Everywhere the visits went off quietly, and there were no incidents. In the meantime the new Tunisian Prime Minister was in Paris to discuss with M. Mendès-France details of the proposals for Tunisian Home Rule. Further negotiations between French and Tunisian representatives will follow early next month.

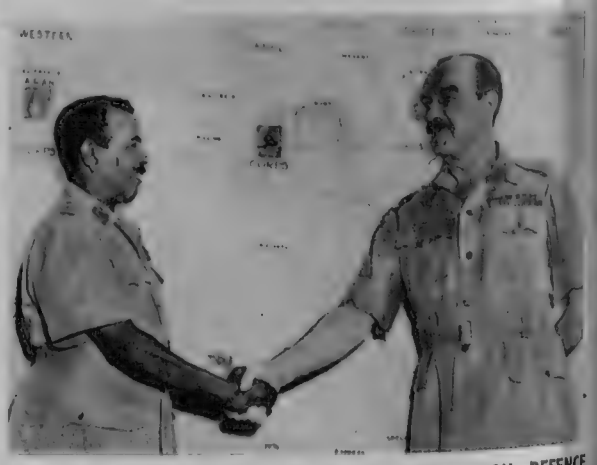
A WARM WELCOME FOR FRANCE'S REPRESENTATIVE: General Boyer de la Tour arriving in the town of Sahel during his tour of Tunisia. The enthusiastic reception he received contrasted with the more guarded welcomes which were hitherto accorded to Resident-Generals in North Africa.

THE SECOND ASSEMBLY OF THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES: A general view of the opening plenary session of the great meeting in the McGaw Memorial Hall, North Western University, Evanston, Illinois. Delegates heard Dr. Viser t'Hooft, of the Netherlands, speak of the past and of the future, and say that much would depend on "our singleness of purpose." Earlier, a united service was held in Chicago's Soldier Field.

TUNISIA'S NEW PREMIER COMES TO PARIS: M. Tahar ben Ammar shaking hands with M. Mendès-France at the Hotel Matignon, where he had called to see the French Prime Minister immediately after his arrival in Paris from Tunis. On the extreme right is M. Masmoudi, Tunisian Minister of State, and on the left M. Christian Fouchet, the Minister for Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs.

"Christ, the Hope of the World." That was the main theme for the discussions at the first few days of the second Assembly of the World Council of Churches, which opened last week at Evanston, Illinois. Official delegates from 161 churches in forty-eight countries are attending the Assembly and, despite the absence of the Roman Catholics, this vast gathering must, indeed, indicate that the Healing of Division within the churches cannot be so far off. It has been shown that since the formation of the World Council six years ago, men of vastly divergent points of view have been able to discuss their respective beliefs with charity, and, as Dr. Bell, of Chichester (one of the Council's leaders), pointed out, "there has been no thought even in the most difficult matters of *bloc* lining up against *bloc*." This second Assembly of the World Council, which followed so closely on the Anglican and Anglo-Catholic Congresses, began with a great service in Chicago's Soldier Field, when 125,000 people gathered to bear witness to their faith and, in the words of the Methodist Bishop of Washington, "to stay together."

TWO REPRESENTATIVES FROM GERMANY ATTEND THE ASSEMBLY: Gertrude Herrman, a German Evangelical, and Professor O. H. Von der Gablentz, seen at the opening plenary session.



THE LAST BRITISH COMMANDANT OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE RETIRES: Major-General R. L. Scoones saying farewell in Khartoum to his deputy, Lieut.-General Ahmed Mohed, who has now succeeded him as Commandant of the Sudan Defence Force. Before leaving for England by air, General Scoones inspected three guards of honour from the Royal Fusiliers, R.A.F. and Sudanese Camel Corps. General Scoones's retirement after five years' service in the Sudan was made the occasion for completing the Sudanisation of the Defence Force.

ATHENS UNIVERSITY DEMONSTRATES FOR ENOSIS : Professor Daskalakis, Rector of the University, reading an address to the large crowd of students assembled to demonstrate for the union of Cyprus with Greece. With the Rector on the platform is, at left, a Cypriot Archimandrite. Mr. Daskalakis led the students through the streets of Athens to Constitution Square, and after laying a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier he took a solemn oath, repeated by the massed students, that they would fight to the death until Cyprus was liberated. Later many students gathered again round the tomb and ceremonially burned a copy of the proclamation dealing with the Cypriot anti-sedition laws.

A SAD CHANGE IN ANGLO-GREEK RELATIONS : Students of the University of Athens massing in the Constitution Square for the Enosis demonstration. Near by is the Hotel Grande Bretagne, a name which reflects the days when relations between Greece and Britain were rather happier.

THE BIGGEST AND LONGEST BILL EVER ENACTED IS SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT : There were smiles all round among Congressional leaders as President Eisenhower, who is seen presenting a pen to Mr. Joseph W. Martin, Speaker of the House of Representatives, signed the new Tax Bill. This Bill provides for the first complete revision of the United States Tax Law in modern times. Although it makes no general tax cuts, it provides for relief to businesses and individuals to the extent of more than £450,000,000 in the first year, and will encourage investment and business expansion. It also gives taxpayers an extra month for filing their returns. President Eisenhower had good cause to call the Bill monumental. As he flicked through its 929 pages he commented, "Boy, there's a lot of work in there for lawyers." As he signed, the President kept changing pens so that each of the nine members of Congress who stood by could receive a pen used in the signing.

TURNING THE FIRST SODS TO OPEN THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER POWER PROJECT : Three happy faces at the ceremony at Cornwall, Ontario, which inaugurated the St. Lawrence development. From left are Mr. Louis St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Thomas E. Dewey, Governor of New York State, and Mr. Leslie M. Frost, Prime Minister of the Province of Ontario.

A LIFEBOAT LAUNCHED BY A LIFEBOAT : The new type of German life-saving vessel, the *Bremen*, demonstrating at Bremerhaven how she can carry a tiny motor-boat aboard and launch her complete with crew when the need arises. Several of these double lifeboats, similar in design to the *Bremen*, are stationed along the North Sea coast. Forward of the bridge is a net which can be used to catch sailors jumping from an abandoned ship.

ON THE AMERICAN SIDE AT THE ST. LAWRENCE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES : A puff of smoke and a spout of water signalise to guests and officials at Massena, New York State, that the first sods for the great hydro-electric project were being cut at Cornwall, Ontario, on the other side of the river. Governor Dewey had pressed a buzzer which warned dynamiters, who detonated three underwater charges which sent geysers of water several hundred feet into the air off Long Sault Island. The great hydro-electric project, which is a joint enterprise of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission and the New York Power Authority, was hailed as a demonstration of what could be achieved through friendly international relations.

SUSSEX LANDMARKS TO BE PRESERVED

Three Wind- and Water-mills in West Sussex, which are being Protected by the County Council

A LANDMARK FOR CHANNEL SAILORS: A view of Halnaker Mill, near Chichester, which the West Sussex County Council propose to preserve. They are to apply to the Ministry of Works to certify the mill under the Ancient Monuments Act, and will endeavour to persuade the owner to convey it to the National Trust or some other appropriate body. It is now agreed that only three of twenty-seven old mills in West Sussex should be protected by the County Council.

A SMOCK MILL ON A BARRED-BRICK OCTAGONAL BASE, WITH CAP AND FOURSAILS: This is King's Mill, Shipley, near Horsham, which was built towards the end of last century. Two other Sussex mills in a good state of preservation, and not included in the County Council's Preservation Plan, are Barnham Mill, near Chichester, and Washington Mill, near Steyning. Both are privately owned.

ENGLAND'S UNIQUE HYBRID MILL AT WEST ASHLING: It was damaged during the war and has since fallen into a state of disrepair. By an ingenious system of gearing the stones, the mill could be revolved by three kinds of power—wind, water or steam. The County Council are unable to undertake its preservation.

A PROMINENT FEATURE NEAR THE SEASIDE TOWN OF WORTHING: High Salvington Mill, which stands on the Downs overlooking the town, is said to be the oldest intact mill in the country. It was thought to have been built at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was last worked just over 50 years ago.

West Sussex County Council, following the example of other counties, notably Essex, has authorised expenditure not exceeding £4,000 for the preservation of three wind- and water-mills in the county. A review presented to the County Council by the County Planning Officer suggested that only four of twenty-seven mills are in sufficiently good order, or have such special interest as to merit consideration. The four mills are at Halnaker (on the South Downs, near Chichester), High Salvington (near Worthing), Shipley (near Horsham) and West Ashling.

Halnaker Mill, a landmark for Channel sailors, and built between 1700-1750, was last worked at the turn of the century. The late Sir William Bird, M.P. for Chichester in the '20's, restored the mill in 1934 as a memorial to his wife. High Salvington Mill, on the Downs above Worthing, is the oldest intact mill in the country. Built about 1700, it is the only remaining West Sussex post mill, and is supported on a centre post cut from a growing oak tree. Last worked in 1897, the mill was sold on condition that it was kept in a similar state, with the original machinery and tools. It is open to the public and forms an attraction to the tea gardens in which it stands. The third mill the West Sussex County Council have agreed to preserve is the King's Mill at Shipley, a smock mill, painted white, on a barred-brick octagonal base, with cap and foursails. It was built in 1897 of odd parts from other and older mills, and was bought in 1905 by Hilaire Belloc, whose home adjoined the mill. It is the largest and probably the best preserved windmill in the country.

The fourth mill which is considered worthy of preservation, but which the County Council are unable to protect, owing to lack of financial support, is the hybrid mill at West Ashling. It was originally a paper mill driven by water power, but an imposing contrivance for catching the wind was fitted over the roof about 100 years ago for use when water was not supplying sufficient power. This contrivance consists of four great square beams of timber holding up the old-fashioned windmill, the sail axle of which is set to drive a centre shaft passing straight down through the roof. Cemented into four massive brick piers set within the building, the supporting beams still stand firm, despite the crumbling condition of the roof and the upper floors of the mill. Of particular interest at West Ashling is the pond, but the mill itself is in a sorry state.

STAUNTON HAROLD HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE, TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION: The eighteenth-century hall, standing next to the historic Staunton Harold Church (recently made over to the National Trust), has been the home of the Shirley family since 1423. But Lord Ferrers, the head of the family, has not lived there since the beginning of the war, when the house was taken over by the Army. The house has sixty-six rooms, and the estate, also for sale, includes eight farms and the village school.

STAUNTON HAROLD HALL GOES UNDER THE HAMMER

London's "Little Venice" Gains Some Glamour; and Lavenham's Weavers' Cottages are to be Restored

Staunton Harold Hall has been the home of the Shirley family for over five centuries, and there has been a house on its site since the Norman Conquest. The present hall dates mainly from the second half of the eighteenth century, when a family of twenty-seven children made expansion of the house necessary. At that time, too, the formal gardens, with their fountains, walls, clipped trees and statues, were levelled and replanned in the romantic landscape garden style then fashionable.

Four years ago the park in which the hall and the near-by church stands was threatened by opencast coal-mining. Those who strove to save it pointed out that its special value lay in the unspoiled perfection of the whole: the eighteenth-century hall, the seventeenth-century church, the well-planted path and its adjoining lakes and farmlands. So the site was saved by the cries of protest.

When the Pilgrim Trust later gave £8,300 towards restoring the church they hoped that their action might induce somebody to occupy the house; the Ministry of Works even obtained Treasury permission to allow £35,000 for the restoration of the house if some suitable use could be found for the property. But no takers have as yet come forward, so the house goes into the open market.

A GIFT TO THE NATION: This is a view of Rough Tor, on the northern edge of Bodmin Moor, which has been presented to the nation by Sir Richard Onslow, of Hengar, St. Tudy, Cornwall, in memory of the officers and men of the 43rd (Wessex) Infantry Division, killed in North-West Europe. The tor is 1,312 ft. high and is three miles south-east of Camelford. A plaque let into a rock at the top of the tor will be unveiled on September 4 by General Sir Ivor Thomas, who commanded the 43rd Division throughout the North-West European campaign. At the dedication, Sir Richard Onslow will hand over the deeds for the National Trust to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

"LITTLE VENICE" BY THE BANKS OF THE GRAND UNION CANAL AT PADDINGTON: Two years ago the site of these gardens was occupied by the crumbling remains of a group of Victorian houses. Now, on the rounded-off rectangle bordered on two sides by the canal, Paddington Borough Council have made a sweeping lawn, a rose garden and flower-beds encircled by a flagstone walk. The cost of this transformation in "Little Venice" was under £10,000.

OLD WEAVERS' COTTAGES IN LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK, TO BE CONVERTED: A view of some of the cottages in Water Street, Lavenham, the oldest range of buildings in this medieval West Suffolk wool centre, which are being restored and converted into business premises by the owner, Mr. J. H. Osborne, of Woolstaplers Farm, Lavenham. Believed to have been built about 1340 to house the looms of Flemish weavers who settled in the town and helped to establish the industry which made the town and district rich, the buildings were later turned into cottages. During the war, when the owner was abroad, they fell into decay, and a closing order was made by the Cosford Rural District Council. Rather than demolish the property he will spend £2,000 on preserving the façade, and by removing the bedrooms adapt the buildings for business premises.

AUGUST DAYS IN BRITAIN

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—

A TRADITIONAL EVENT AT THE ALDERSHOT SHOW, WHICH THIS YEAR TOOK PLACE DURING THE TOWN'S MILITARY CENTENARY: This picture was taken on the final day of the show at Rushmoor arena, and shows a general view of the ring during the Coaching Marathon. On this occasion the spectators were able to enjoy one of this summer's occasional "bright periods." There were forty-one classes of horse events this year, and the South of England Foxhound and Beagle Show was also held. One of the main attractions was the display by the Royal Signals Motor Cycle Display Team from Catterick, while other events included a Working Sheep Dog Display, Furrier Competitions and an Open Dog Show. There were hundreds of ponies also entered for the many competitions.

CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF SIR WILLIAM SMITH, FOUNDER OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE: A scene of activity as young campers prepare their kit for inspection by the Brigade President, the Rt. Hon. Lord Maclay, at the Founder's Camp for 2,000 boys, held on the playing fields at Eton. In addition to boys from Britain, there were visitors from the Commonwealth and Empire and other countries, including the United States, where the Boys' Brigade continues to flourish. There have been several other activities this year in connection with the Founder's centenary. In September there will be the Annual Brigade Council in Glasgow, and this will include a special commemoration of Sir William, and on October 27 there will be Thanksgiving services at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. The object of the "B.B." is "The Advancement of Christ's Kingdom among Boys."

THE SUN SHINES FOR THE BABBACOMBE REGATTA AT TORQUAY, SOUTH DEVON: A general view of the large holiday crowds on the beach at Oddicombe, watching the yachts put to sea to compete in the Babbacombe Regatta which formed part of the Torbay and District fortnight. Although the sun did shine at times, the Regatta closed amid sea-mist and rain. Holiday visitors stationed on shore witnessed good yachting, and at one time they saw eighty yachts rounding the course at a fair speed. One particular contest that did attract a large entry was the handicap for boats belonging to Babbacombe Corinthian Sailing Club for the Fox Trophy.

A ROYAL DUTCH VISITOR TO A LONDON EXHIBITION: *On left*—**The Prince of the Netherlands seen looking at a model aeroplane when he opened the Model Engineering Exhibition at the new Horticultural Hall, Westminster.** *On right*—**Sergeant W. Plass, of Stanmore, Middlesex, spends a few minutes examining models of coaster and clipper sailing vessels. There is a vast collection of models of all shapes and sizes, ranging from miniature musical instruments to tiny copies of the latest designs in transport. The exhibition closes to-day, Saturday.**

THE WHIM OF MARY GIBSON—AN ANNUAL INSPECTION OF A TOMB AT SUTTON, SURREY: A ceremony observed every year since 1793 was carried out recently when the tomb of James Gibson, in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, was opened and inspected by the Rector, the Rev. E. P. Woollcombe. In the year 1777, James Gibson, a wealthy merchant, built a huge stone tomb for the burial of himself and family. When his daughter Mary died, she was determined that her body should be protected from body-snatchers, who were rife in those days, and left money in trust to ensure that the tomb be inspected every year. After opening the heavy doors the Rector says a prayer inside the tomb.

THE COUNTRY COMES TO TOWN—A GAY COLLECTION OF FLOWERS AND PLANTS AT A LONDON EXHIBITION: A general view on the first of the four-day Flower and Country Show, organised by *The Evening News*, in the National Hall at Olympia. The flowers, entered by professional and amateur growers for many competitions, provided a very picturesque centrepiece for the Hall. The best amateur exhibit was by Mr. W. C. Cooper, of Welling, Kent, and his selection of hardy flowers, fruits and vegetables gained him the Promoter's Victor Victorum Cup. In the business houses' class the winner was the Horticultural Society of Standard Telephone and Kolster-Brandes Limited. One of the novel events was the roasting of an ox to celebrate the end of meat rationing.

BUILT IN SCOTLAND FOR SERVICE IN PERU AND SHIPPED IN A NORWEGIAN VESSEL: The gunboat *Rocafuerte*, one of two built for the Peruvian Government, seen being hoisted aboard the Norwegian ship *Christen Smith* for transport to South America. The two craft, with twin screws and Diesel propulsion, were built by Yarrow and Company, of Scotstoun. They have a speed of 16 knots, and will be used for patrolling a 2,500-mile stretch of the River Amazon.

A SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF HISTORICAL ASTRONOMICAL BOOKS AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON: *Left—Margarita Philosophica* (Reisch, 1535) and *Comments on the Astrolabe* (Joannes de Rois, Paris, 1551) are two of the many rare books on show in the exhibition, which is open until the end of December. *Right—Astronomicum Cæsareum*, printed in 1540 and dedicated to the Emperor Charles V, is one of the oldest woodcut books in existence. A telescope made by Newton in 1681 stands alongside the book. The exhibition includes some of the most important books on astronomy published between the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries. Newton's *Principia*, and *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*, by Copernicus, as well as the works of such famous astronomers as Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Halley and Herschel can be seen. Several volumes have been lent by the Royal Astronomical Society.

A BOMBED-SITE GARDEN IN THE CITY OF LONDON, WHICH WAS STARTED BY FIRE-WATCHERS, WINS THE GARDENERS' COMPANY'S SILVER CUP FOR THE FIFTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION: It is the Goldsmiths' Company's garden at the corner of Gresham Street and Noble Street, and is one of the largest and most varied of its kind in the City. Built on two levels, it has a lawn, flights of stone steps, rockeries, a bird bath and garden seats. This may be the last year that the garden will remain in its entirety. Plans for the widening of Gresham Street will involve some reduction of the area of the garden, though it is not yet decided when preparations for the work will begin.

A COMMONWEALTH VISITOR IN LONDON: The South African Minister of Defence, Mr. F. C. Erasmus, and his wife are welcomed by the Acting High Commissioner, Mr. C. H. Torrance (left). Mr. Erasmus, who had previously had talks with the Italian Minister of Defence, came to this country to meet the Defence Minister, Lord Alexander, for discussions on defence preparations and present trends in weapon development.

THE HULL OF A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD WRECK IS RAISED FROM THE MUD IN THE CLYDE, OFF GREENOCK: Salvage vessels stand by while the hull of the *Maille Br*[illegible] is made ready for towing to the shipbreakers' yard. The ship sank after an explosion fourteen years ago and has now been raised at the request of the [illegible] Navigation Trust. It was feared that with the passage of time oil pollution in the Clyde might have been caused by corrosion of the ship's structure, [illegible] another ship fouling the wreck and holing a fuel tank. There was also a possibility that ammunition in the magazines might have become unstable with age.

The salvaging of the wreck was begun last year and it was some time before it was lifted out of the bed of mud into which it had buried itself. Then began the task of raising the vessel to the surface. This was accomplished earlier this month by salvage vessels, which lifted the wreck in a cradle of steel hawsers. The wreck was then towed to Ardmore Bank for beaching prior to towing to the coast. Bad weather, and the fact that the destroyer had developed a list in the mud, made the operation one of the most difficult tidal lifts in the history of salvage. The work was carried out for the Ministry of Transport by the Admiralty Salvage Organisation.

A French Destroyer Raised in the Clyde

The Fourteen-year-old Wreck of the *Maillé Brezé* is Beached After Lengthy Salvage Work

SCENES OF DESOLATION ALONG THE DESTROYER'S DECK: *Left*—The hull of the stricken destroyer seen shortly after it had been lifted to the surface. At this point it was being taken by the salvage vessels to Ardmore Bank for beaching. *Right*—The hole in the left foreground marks the scene of the explosion. It was not until divers had begun cutting away part of the navigation bridge that a plan of the vessel was found, all other plans having been destroyed during the war.

INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH

French Speleologists Bring up the Body of Marcel Loubens, while an Italian Party Claims a Record Descent

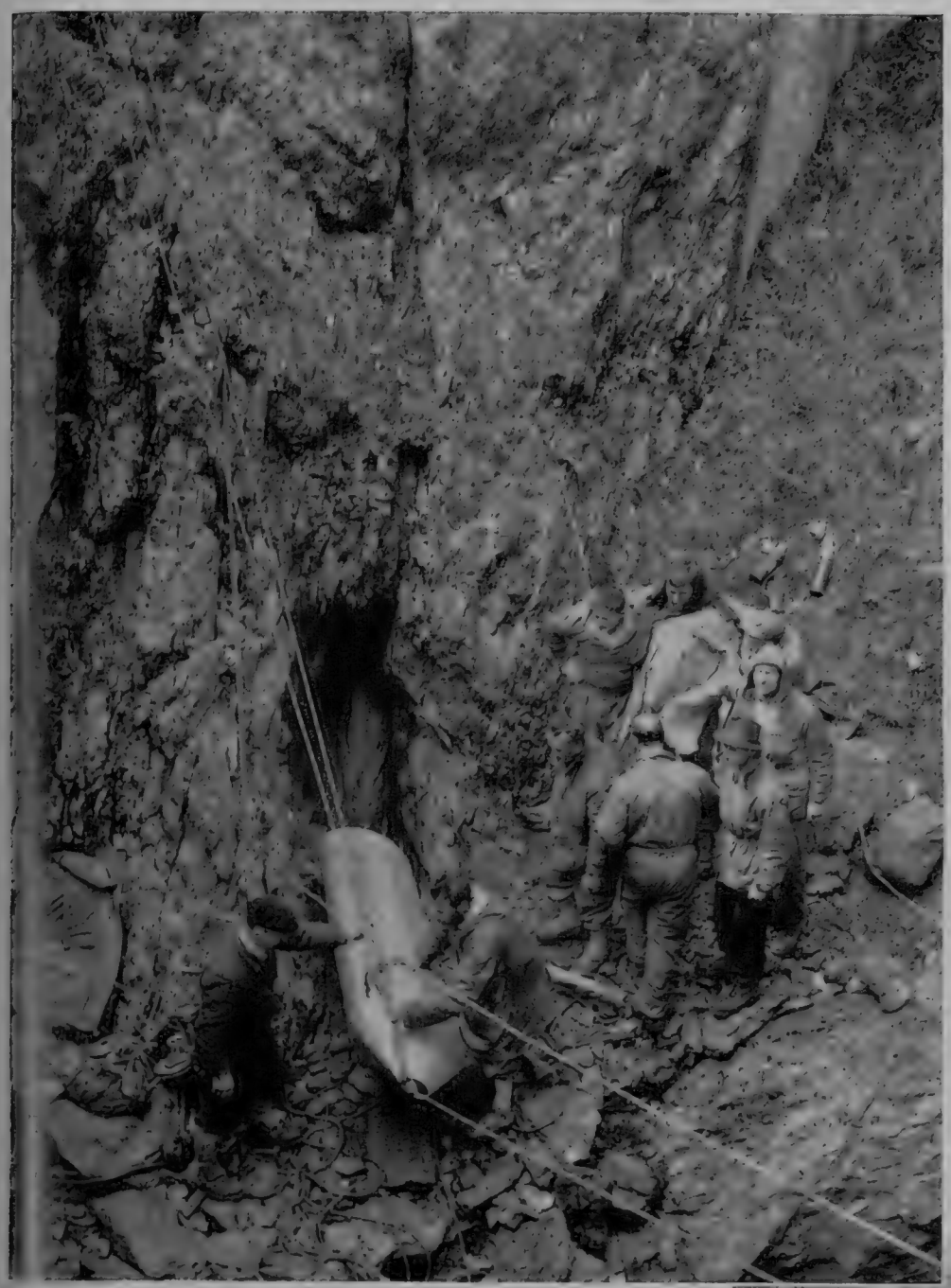
A PRIEST BLESSES THE CASKET CONTAINING LOUBENS' REMAINS: Father Attout, a Brussels priest, previously had descended over 1,000 ft. to say Mass over the spot where Loubens lay temporarily buried.

Two weeks ago the body of Marcel Loubens was brought up from the depths of the Gouffre de la Pierre St. Martin, an underground chasm in the Pyrenees, where he fell to his death in August 1952.

Loubens, one of France's best-known speleologists, fell 131 ft. when he was exploring this system of underground caves, which is one of the deepest-known natural holes in the earth's surface. He was badly injured and died before he could be brought out of the cave. His companions then buried him there underneath a cairn of stones, 1,100 ft. below the surface.

Before the main attempt to raise Loubens' body, a Belgian priest, Father Attout, of Brussels, made the descent, wearing mountaineering boots and parachutist's overalls, to say Mass by Loubens' graveside. Then his body was put in an aluminium coffin and hauled by winch to the surface.

The recovery was made in the worst possible conditions: it was snowing on the mountain and the men working the winch suffered greatly from the cold. At one point the coffin became wedged and one of the rescue party, stationed on a platform 260 ft. from the surface, had to go down 580 ft. to free it. The man who guided the coffin up the last 260 ft.—M. José Bidegain—had to work ceaselessly for over twenty-four hours without food. When he did get it to the top he collapsed.



THE BODY OF MARCEL LOUBENS IS BROUGHT UP FROM THE GOUFFRE DE LA PIERRE ST. MARTIN: Loubens, a famous speleologist, fell over 130 ft. to his death while exploring these Pyrenees caves two years ago.

ITALIAN SPELEOLOGISTS MAKE A RECORD DESCENT: On left, Professor Meucci drinks some coffee on emerging after forty-five hours underground. *On right*—His co-leader, Luigi di Martino, climbs out of the opening.

EXIT: Niccolo Annesi climbs out of the hole after spending twenty-four hours at the base camp half-way down.

A group of young Italian speleologists now claim a world record for a descent into a cave: they went down 2,100 ft. into a cavern in the Spluga Della Preta, near Verona, finding, at the bottom of it, "a black, chilly lake."

The descent was organised by the Adriatic Society of Natural Science, Trieste. The main object of the descent was to make geological observations.

The claim for a record, however, ignores the French descent of 2,159 ft. in the Gouffre de la Pierre St. Martin. The Italians think that claim is not valid because much of the French descent was down a gradually sloping shelf, whereas theirs was down a vertical drop.

On right—

GOING DOWN: One of the members of the 17-man expedition is seen lowering himself down the abyss.

A MOTORIST GOES TO GERMANY

And Points Out Important Details for those Planning Motoring Holidays There; Driving Conditions on Germany's Roads; and Other News in the Motoring World

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE waters of the Neckar swirl lazily past as I write these notes in the *Biergarten* of a delightful Rhineland hotel during a motoring holiday in Germany. It has been raining a little after a week of real summer temperatures and blue skies, so the time I shall spend writing will not be so grudgingly given as it would have been in last week's hot sunshine.

My impressions of the Rhineland as a place for a motoring holiday are at the moment crowded and a little confused. But let me say right away that I would recommend any British motorist to put the Rhineland high on his list of holiday suggestions for next year. There seem to be very few over here at the moment.

It has been my experience this year, in what is regarded as Germany's busiest holiday month, that you can cruise quietly around, steering where the fancy of the moment dictates, and be reasonably certain of finding a comfortable room for the night. It is off the tourist-beaten track that you will find the best scenery, the most picturesque (and unspoiled) villages—and the most genuine welcome.

It seems to me this is the way to get the most out of the Rhineland, with its wonderful river scenery, wooded valleys, rich vineyards, romantic old castles and lovely old villages, with their colourful window-boxes and cheery folk, ever-ready with their greetings of "*Guten Morgen*" or "*Guten Abend*"—even to perfect strangers or obviously foreign tourists.

It is a lush country, where the people work hard, eat heartily, drink their fill of beer or wine and do not try to conceal their friendliness. And your Rhineland holiday need not be expensive if you go the right way about it.

At the hotel at which I am at present staying it is costing the two of us 10 Deutschmarks a day each for a double room and full pension. That is about 17s. a day each, for at the moment you get roughly 11½ Deutschmarks to the pound when you cash your traveller's cheques.

And before I forget it, let me urge every motorist, when abroad, to cash his cheques in the biggest town on his route, where the bank clerks will be used to handling them. I wasted an hour last week changing some cheques in a small town in the Eifel Mountains before coming on to the Rhine.

To get back to the question of hotel charges: if I had wanted to stay at this hotel only for bed and *Frühstück*, it would have cost rather less than 10s. each. Up the road there is a bigger, more modernly equipped hotel named in the A.A. book, where the plumbing is better and where we might, on the whole, be more comfortable. But it would cost us half as much again and there would certainly not be the same atmosphere.

The local butcher and shoemaker wander into this older pub of ours—it 's called the Goldene Hirsch, which, I think, means Golden Hind—and we talk as well as our limited vocabularies allow over our *Pokal* of *Weisswein* or *Stein* of *Bier*.

The thing to do, on arrival at a town or village where you fancy staying the night, is to call at the local *Verkehrsamt* (which is a sort of combined travel office and information bureau) and ask for a printed list of local hotels, *gasthöfe* and pensions. You can also get a list of addresses of the local residents who are willing to let a private *Zimmer*, with or without breakfast, for one or more nights.

These lists set out the cost of the room, the charge for breakfast, and the price of other meals when available, which they always seem to be, except in the private houses.

The Rhine and Moselle *offen* (draught) wines you get here for as little as 80 pfennigs (1s. 4d.), a *Pokal* (a large goblet containing nearly half-a-pint) seem so much better always than those which you buy expensively in England. And that goes for both red and white wines. Draught beer of the lager type costs about 9d. a large glass.

The food isn't as subtle or as varied as that of France, but, my word, there 's plenty of it always. Usually you get soup, followed by an enormous meat dish, with vast quantities of boiled or fried potatoes and another vegetable—and sometimes a sweet. If you ask for cheese they bring an enormous helping, with lots of bread and butter. It 's a meal in itself.

The standard of driving by German motorists in the Rhineland strikes me as good, and if you come across a road hog, more often than not he comes from Holland or Belgium. Top-grade benzine costs about 5s. 6d. a gallon (71 pfennigs per litre). You get excellent service at all but the smallest filling stations, and at a big garage in Koblenz they charged me only 5s. for washing my car (which was very dirty) while I went for a trip by paddle-steamer from Koblenz to Mainz, which should be included in the programme of every motorist touring the Rhineland.

Just before I came away on holiday I had the use of a Triumph T.R.2 for a long journey to the North of England, and I make no apology for again saying that I think this is a remarkable car, offering as good a bargain as anything on the new car market just now.

With a genuine top speed of over 100 m.p.h. goes a nippiness that takes you up to 80 m.p.h. in about twenty-three seconds. And that is the kind of liveliness which gives a rich bonus in time saved on Britain's crowded, winding, narrow roads.

How exasperating it is to hear people still asking, in this day and age, "What 's the good of a top speed of 100 m.p.h. on these roads of ours?" Won't they ever realise that the driver of a 100 m.p.h. car seldom has her all out—and wouldn't, even if Britain had some real motor roads like the wonderful Autobahnen here in Germany.

A NEW BRITISH RACING CAR MAKES ITS DEBUT: This is the 2½-litre Connaught Grand Prix racing car which has an all-enveloping aerodynamic body and a large tail fin; it is Britain's first-ever streamlined Grand Prix racing car. Rodney Clarke, designer of the car (and partner with Kenneth McAlpine in the privately financed Connaught concern), is seen at the wheel during the initial track tests at the Goodwood track. It is possible that the car may be raced later this season. Two more cars, out of a production line of seven, are now having their bodies fitted. Some of the seven will have non-streamlined bodies.

Driving from Frankfurt to Heidelberg the other day on one of these splendid twin-track traffic arteries, the speedometer needle of my own car was pointing to 80 m.p.h. most of the time during a run of 70 miles or more. And leaving the Triumph for a moment, I would like to voice an adverse criticism of these German motor roads—or, rather, of the way they are sometimes used.

At one point on my run from Frankfurt to Heidelberg there was a mile-long line of slow-moving, widely-spaced Army lorries occupying their proper place on the slow outside lane.

A number of faster-moving, but still relatively slow, commercial trucks and private cars were in the act of overtaking the Army convoy as I came up behind them, and as they all kept to their left, on the fast lane, until the whole of the convoy was overtaken, faster cars that had been doing 70–80 m.p.h. for mile after mile, had to queue up behind, crawling at 35–40 m.p.h.

Ideally, each of the overtaking vehicles should have pulled over to its right after passing each of the slow Army lorries, but I suppose you can't get perfect discipline, even on German Autobahnen. It points to a need for at least three traffic lanes on each side of all new twin-track motor roads.

Now back to the Triumph. . . . Apart from its attractively low price (£625, plus £261 10s. tax), its excellent braking, steering and gear-change systems, its generous luggage space and easily raised hood, this shapely two-seater sports car has a fuel economy which is seldom found in a car of such high performance. I got 33 m.p.g. over 700 miles of fast driving

This reference to the Triumph brings me to the European Grand Prix at Nurburgring, which I attended before coming on to the Rhine. For in a sports car race on the day before the Grand Prix event a Triumph T.R.2, driven by an American officer from Frankfurt, won handsomely, beating seventeen of the highly-rated German Porsche cars.

It was the young American's first race, and the car had had no special tuning! This victory at Nurburgring is, of course, nothing like as important as the Triumph's success in this year's tough Alpine Trial, in which it won the team prize. But it helps to show what a basically sound car the T.R.2 is—untemperamental and behaving superbly in inexpert hands in competitive events without any special preparation.

Of the European Grand Prix itself, I would like to say that the German Mercedes team fully deserved their win in a car denuded of the streamlining which brought it victory in the French Grand Prix at Rheims and defeat in the British Grand Prix at Silverstone.

So the German team, just back on the Grand Prix scene after an absence of fifteen years, brought its score to 2–1 in its exciting battle with Italy's Ferraris. How the German crowd at Nurburgring cheered the victory of their own car! But how much more excited they would have been had a German driver been at the wheel!

It was Juan Fangio, brilliant driver from the Argentine and former world champion, who steered the low-slung, silver-painted Mercedes to victory. After two of the four German cars had dropped out and Karl Kling in another Mercedes had fallen back with mechanical trouble, Fangio, driving with real artistry, beat off a last-minute challenge by a Ferrari driven by Mike Hawthorn.

The British driver, whose own Ferrari dropped out early in the 311-mile race, took over the car of Froilan Gonzalez, another brilliant driver from the Argentine, and they shared second place behind Fangio's Mercedes.

Stirling Moss, who joined the Maserati team as a factory driver on the eve of the race, again suffered from the evil luck which has dogged him for far too long. His engine seized during the second lap of the 14-mile circuit when he was lying third and motoring in race-winning style.

One of these days Stirling's luck will change and the world will acclaim him for what he is—one of the best drivers of the present age.

Did you see that article in the *Sunday Times* recently by a former secretary at Scotland Yard on the subject of road accidents? It struck me as containing some of the soundest comments on the problem that have appeared in print for a long time.

The author states that the basic principle behind the instruction given at the Metropolitan Police Driving School at Hendon is summed up in the slogan "Accidents are prohibited." They take the view that accidents don't just happen, but are *caused*.

So the pupil is taught to accept the responsibility for *avoiding* accidents, whatever other people may do. It is no good his saying—I quote from the *Sunday Times* article—that the child ran out, that another driver turned without giving a signal, that he had a terrible skid or anything like that. The safe driver deals with all such happenings by anticipation and concentration.

The former Scotland Yard man gives this prescription for combating bad driving: (1) Chase really bad drivers off the road; (2) Persuade, urge and cajole the remaining drivers to take a real pride in their roadmanship.

"Bad drivers cannot, of course, be 'liquidated' by waving a wand," he states, "but courts and insurance companies could between them reduce the number of these potential killers to a large extent. The suspension of driving licences—the one perfect punishment in our penal code—is not applied anything like as often or as fiercely as it should be."

ANOTHER GERMAN THREE-WHEELER: An old three-wheel "scooter" with a new look is this Fulda-Mobil. Its streamlined, highly polished bodywork replaces the dull aluminium body of its predecessors. The power is supplied by a 200-cc. engine placed at the rear of the car; it allows a top cruising speed of 50 m.p.h. There are three forward gears and a reverse.

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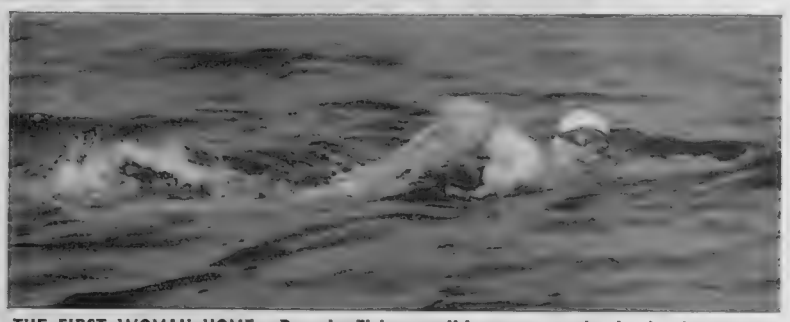
A SPATE OF CHANNEL SWIMMERS

Baptista Pereira of Portugal Wins the 1954 Cross-Channel Swim in 12 hrs. 25 mins.

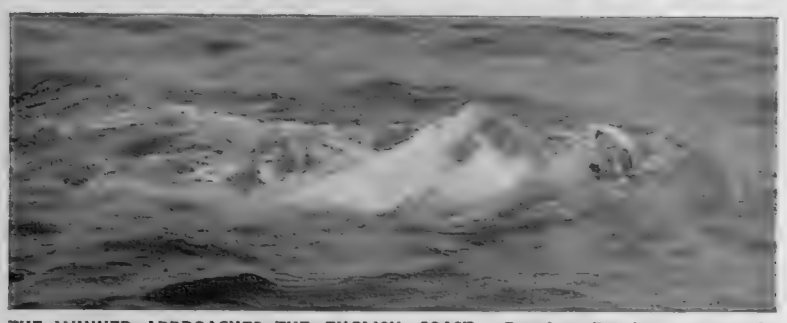
READY FOR THE START AT CAP GRIS NEZ : Some of the fifteen contestants—three women and twelve men—who competed last Saturday for this year's international cross-Channel swimming race. Centre, left, is Brenda Fisher, twenty-seven-year-old daughter of a Grimsby trawler skipper, who was third in the race and the first British competitor to reach England. Of the starters in last week's "big swim," two women and five men got across from France to the English coast. The winner was Baptista Pereira, the champion swimmer of Portugal, who was making his first attempt. Second was Marie Hassan Hammad, who took 12 hrs. 49 mins.—24 mins. longer than Pereira. Brenda Fisher landed at St. Margaret's Bay after 14 hrs. 36 mins. in the water. The winner received a 1,000-guinea cup and £500; the runner-up, £250; and Miss Fisher took prize money of £600, a silver medal, and a trophy for the first woman home. The race was sponsored by Mr. W. E. Butlin and the International Long-distance Swimming Federation. The only other woman to finish was twenty-one-year-old Margaret Feather of Scarborough who, as the youngest competitor in the race, was also successful, landing at St. Margaret's Point after 17 hrs. 5 mins. in the water. She qualified for a prize of £250.

THE OLDEST COMPETITOR AWAITS THE STARTING GUN : Fifty-eight-year-old Ned Barnie of Portobello prepares to enter the water at Cap Gris Nez. He had to give up after 17 hrs.

MARIE HASSAN HAMMAD SWIMMING STRONGLY : The Egyptian, who came in second, has made the crossing four times. He won the international cross-Channel swim in 1951. Towards the end of last Saturday's race, he was gaining steadily on Baptista Pereira.



THE FIRST WOMAN HOME : Brenda Fisher striking out as she leads the women competitors. In 1951, Miss Fisher gained the women's Channel record with a time of 12 hrs. 42 mins. Her success this year was not known for over 2 hrs. as her escort vessel had lost touch with the control vessel.



THE WINNER APPROACHES THE ENGLISH COAST : Baptista Pereira was nearly three-quarters of a mile ahead when he was first sighted, but was caught by a tide when within 400 yards of the shore. He fought strongly, however, and kept well ahead of the Egyptian, Hammad, who was challenging him.

SAFELY HOME : Thirty-five-year-old Antonio Abertando of the Argentine crawls ashore. He came in fifth, soon after A. Zirganos of Athens. Until news of Miss Fisher's arrival came through, it was thought that Zirganos and Abertando were racing for third place.

MOMENT OF TRIUMPH : Pereira crawls ashore just west of South Foreland Point, after his great battle with Hammad. He had begun badly by swimming in the wrong direction, but recovered magnificently. Soon after this picture was taken, he was driven to the race headquarters.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A TASTE OF POISON

Richard Ullmann Heads This Week's Selection of Novels and Short Stories Whose Backgrounds Range from Hungary, Across Britain, to New York

MR. RICHARD ULLMANN writes of pressing human problems in his novel A TASTE OF POISON (Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d.), which treats of a Hungarian woman, young, educated, extremely good-looking and used to her creature comforts, who escapes from a Russian concentration camp to England at the price of a betrayal that haunts her. England means more than safety to her. It means friendship, independence, love and eventually marriage, but her own sombre knowledge poisons what could have been chances of happiness, and in the end she returns to her own country and to the small degree of bought freedom that will be allowed to her.

On such a theme it would be difficult to write with other than a straightforward solemnity, and Mr. Ullmann has adapted his style admirably to his purpose, which is no less than to show the growth of a spirit in hideous contemporary stresses.

ON THE VERANDAH (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is a sincere, thoughtful and, in my opinion, thoroughly depressing novel about a mental home in Scotland, in which the eccentricity is by no means confined to the patients. Miss Jean Ross writes, as one remembers gratefully, with a sensitive, unclamorous recognition of idiosyncrasies and foibles, making even the oddest of her characters intensely human and deeply pathetic. So much it is easy for the reader to appreciate, but between appreciation and enjoyment there may be the widest of divisions, and not even the persistent echoes of humane goodness, of sanity or of practical affection make this a book which it is easy to recommend as a diversion.

To say that Mr. Humfrey Jordan writes about the sea and the British Merchant Navy is tautologous (a fine word for an exasperating commonplace). It should also by now be an accepted thing that he writes about them not only with immense authority, but very acceptably, so that the most field-bound of landlubbers may be discovered curled up with the newest Jordan, relishing it down to the last technical word. To hypnotise the uninstructed into reading pleasurably and attentively of things they have never understood before is, of course, the hall-mark of the first-rate story-teller; Messrs. Forester and Shute, for example, understand this as well as any writer now practising. Mr. Jordan, it seems, has also got the method and the ability pretty well taped, and ONLY A REAL JONAH (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is an excellent example of a really well-told tale.

Whether Jonahs do or do not exist in ships at sea is not resolved by this story, though it is interesting to see on which side the author's own conviction seems to lean, but what is beyond argument is that Mr. Jordan has had as good a time as the reader in stating a very lively hypothetical case.

OTHER PEOPLE'S SHOES (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is another of Mrs. Kathleen Foyle's charming novels about life in Ulster, slightly unworldly in the essential niceness of all its protagonists, but, one must admit, none the less welcome for that, except to the stern advocates of realism at all costs, or the Conflict-and-Cabbage-Water School of thought. Besides which, it is a fact, a real fact, that there are plenty of thoroughly pleasant and unmalicious people alive to-day, and there might even be a strong concentration of them in the chosen place of Mrs. Foyle's setting.

THE WELSH SONATA (Verschoyle. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. James Hanley's new book, a novel in a poetic strain, and, in many instances, set in a loosely poetic form on the page. It is concerned not, this time, with the sea as have been so many of Mr. Hanley's books, but with the disappearance from a small Welsh village of a popular though eccentric figure, called Rhys the Wound. The local policeman, who knows him well, and likes him, sets about a search to find why and where he has gone, and to find out whether he is, in fact, still alive.

The quest ends only with the last words of the book, as his friends dig out his body from the snow on the hills, and in its course the whole story of the life of Rhys, and the whole pattern of the life and history of the little community, are brought piece by piece into the light. This is not, perhaps, new as a literary device, but it is enlivened here with such economy and force of expression that it achieves both drama and dignity.

A RUSSIAN WRITER ARRIVES IN SANTIAGO AND HAS AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE POLICE: Ilya Ehrenburg (centre, in light-coloured coat) is escorted by Chilean International police at a Santiago airport shortly after his arrival there with his wife (on extreme right). Saying that he had a diplomatic passport, he refused at first to allow the police to search his luggage and said he preferred to leave the country on the next plane. The police, however, ignored his arguments and opened his baggage, and reputedly took from them some documents in the Russian language. Ehrenburg had arrived in Chile to take part in the fiftieth birthday celebrations of Chile's Communist poet, Pablo Neruda, and it was he who prevailed upon Ehrenburg to allow the police to conduct their search. It was pointed out that since Chile did not have diplomatic relations with Russia, a Russian diplomatic passport was not valid in that country. Second from left (wearing hat) is Socialist Senator Luis Quinteros Tricot, who protested against the police attitude.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) of Mrs. Gertrude Schweitzer's title are the nearly grown-up children of a pleasant American couple living within commuting distance of New York, and leading the kind of family life which, except for differences of food, drink and holiday plans, might be duplicated in a score of other countries. These last items, incidentally, are of more than frivolous interest, since there are few present civilisations so closely identified with what—and how—they eat and drink, or what they choose as relaxations, as the Americans.

The boy and the girl of the story are both nice creatures, and presented with real sympathy by the author, who occasionally writes as a mother rather than as a novelist, but I found the parents an even more rewarding study. This may not be a particularly significant book, but it is at least extremely readable, very likeable and, exponents of the C.-and-C.-W. School please note, perfectly real.

HORSEMAN, PASS BY (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is one of those adventure stories which seem to be all the more virile for fitting into no obvious category. Mr. Dennis Parry's story deals with one of those wayside shacks which used to be labelled as Good Pull-ups for Carmen, and which now have more esoteric names and even dingier food (with a few admirable exceptions), and cater for long-distance drivers of night-run lorries. The eating place in this instance is built out at the back of a big house, ramshackle and barely inhabited, and, as it turns out, an excellent H.Q. for a miserable but violent band of thugs. The horseman in question is a pedestrian, disinterested and, in the event, valorous Irishman who had not taken Yeats' mortuary inscription so much to heart that he could let mean crimes go unpunished, or, at least, uninvestigated. It is a good story, active in its expression, and only melancholy by interpretation. Recommended.

The two volumes of short stories for consideration this week cause one to reflect that the short-story writer's life is Not a Happy One. Or is it that their natural dejection is dissipated in this way, and that after the work of days or weeks on some doleful piece they are themselves either invaded by euphoria, or, more simply, return their normal high spirits? Can it, in other words, be a kind of work of release or restoration? However that is, and however ingeniously achieved, there is not much doubt that the next two volumes of short stories under discussion are far from buoyant in their effect.

First, Mr. C. H. B. Kitchin's JUMPIN JOAN (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d collection of eight stories, of which at three are very good indeed, but which even at intervals, have a cumulative eff gloom comparable with the worst things tha have been said about East Coast watering places out of season. And this from a author of considerable range and more tha ordinary accomplishment. The truth is evidently, that there are some literary work in which one's interest should be purel æsthetic—and that is reasonable, too that one should not look to them f entertainment in the grosser sense, but enjoy, a is possible here, their qualities of perception an eclecticism.

A CROWN OF CONVOLVULUS (Heinemann. 8s. 6d consists of ten short stories by Miss Margar Lane, with this writer's own *aigre-doux* stamp tenderness and acuteness, but nearly all of them inclining to the bewildered, to the uneasy, to the downright unhappy. Perhaps the key to the situation is as simple as other, greater truths: that every short story is designed as an entity, and that it is the fact of collection in itself that is at fault.

STEVENSON'S EDINBURGH

A New Volume of the "Picturesque Notes"

On November 13, 1850, Robert Louis Stevenson was born at 8, Howard Place, Edinburgh, the only child of Thomas Stevenson, civil engineer, whose father, Robert, was the famous lighthouse engineer, and of Margaret, daughter of James Balfour, Minister of Colinton. In his short span of forty-four years Stevenson identified himself with many parts of the world, the mountains of the Cevennes, where he travelled with Modestine, Juan Silverado, in the back-blocks of Northern California, Hyeres, on the Mediterranean coast near Toulon, and, finally, Samoa, where he died in 1894 while writing *The Weir of Hermiston.* Stevenson never forgot his native Edinburgh, and his deep affection for it is enshrined in the series of essays he wrote about the city and the surrounding countryside. Those polished essays conjure up in brilliant fashion the happy accidents of a city "where you turn a corner and there is the sun going down into the Highland hills. You look down an alley, and see ships tacking for the Baltic." The essays are now most worthily presented in a new volume bearing the original title EDINBURGH: PICTURESQUE NOTES (Hart Davis. 30s.). A series of photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn have been chosen for the book. They were for the most part taken in 1905, and the compositions were from the outset intended to be in keeping with Stevenson's text. One feels that Mr. Coburn, in his work, has been as responsive as the great novelist to the constant interest and drama of Edinburgh, and the result is a very happy combination of talents and a volume to treasure The Preface has been written by Janet Adam Smith.

When Anthony Hope wrote his great Ruritanian romance, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, it was possible to link the story in the mind's eye with an Eastern European country somewhere within the Danube watershed. For most of us that was enough, and lurking in the background was the solidity of Victorian England, so that the reader could truly find some anchorage in reality. James Cadell's BLACK NIKLAS (Victor Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) takes place in Dalmania after the Second World War. We know that the Italians have been there, and that the aftermath is not a pretty one, but it is difficult to know whether Dalmania is more like Albania or Ethiopia. Perhaps it has no link with either of those countries, and perhaps it does not matter; but few of us are willing to be launched out on the heady waters of Ruritanian romance without at least some fairly strong link with the shore. James Cadell writes dramatically and tells a good story, but, it may be hazarded, he will produce more satisfying books than *Black Niklas.*

The last kick of romantic sail was in the '20's and '30's, when men like Reuben de Cloux dashed round the Horn with a resolution that made the Australian grain race an international event. Now the great four-masters and five-masters no longer roam the seas; only a few cadet training ships still uphold the commercial tradition in sail, but their memory will always be held dear, and we can be truly grateful to those who have recorded the great days. One of these is the artist Guenther T. Schulz, who in a magnificent series of drawings presents the story of a voyage in a nitrate barque from Hamburg out to Chile and back again. SAILING ROUND CAPE HORN (Hodder and Stoughton. 42s.) faithfully captures the spirit of such a voyage from the time a greenhorn sailor joins the vessel at Hamburg until, already a veteran, he steps ashore at the end of the long trip. The book is more than a collection of drawings, excellent as these are; it also provides diagrams of the riggings and the ships, and the reader can thus follow the pictorial narrative in considerable detail.

Lawrence G. Green, most expert of travel-writers, might well have resisted the temptation to call his new book on West Africa WHITE MAN'S GRAVE. For, as he clearly says, this once deadly climate has lost some of its old-time sting, thanks to modern doctoring. Mr. Green, in surveying this wild coast from Cape Verde to Angola, has taken full advantage of all his manifold opportunities He himself has clearly fallen under the spell of the West Coast, and if you do fall, as Mary Kingsley has said, "it takes all the colour out of other kinds of living." *White Man's Grave* is published by Stanley Paul at 16s., and the volume includes several illustrations.

Finally, here are two grand books for those who enjoy a nature story in the Ernest Thompson Seton tradition. One of them is Mary Patchett's WILD BROTHER (Collins. 10s. 6d.), the tale of three dogs in the Australian outback, and the other AN OTTER'S STORY (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), by Emil E. Liers, with its setting among the lakes and rivers of Michigan and Wisconsin. The drawings, by John Rose in "Wild Brother" and Tony Palazzo in "An Otter's Story," both add measurably to their respective books; and both books have an obvious appeal for everyone from teenagers to octogenarians.

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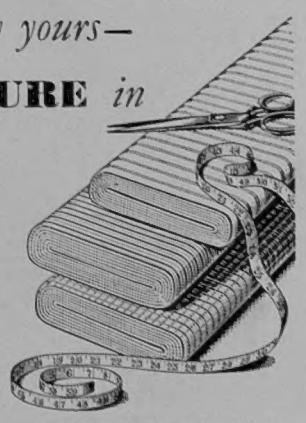

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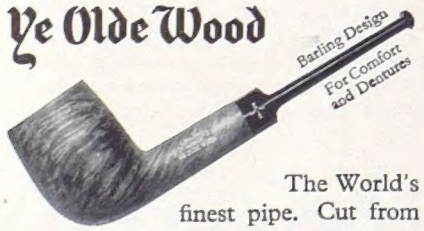

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